AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

NO. 35

JAN.

PEP COMICS

The SHIELD

10¢

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 14

DUSTY and I have just been deeply honored. We've been visited by a very important personage indeed—none other than the No. 1 man of Riverdale himself, Mr. Archie Andrews.

We should have guessed he was coming when we heard the chugging and thumping outside in the street, but we thought there'd been an accident or something. It was only later, when Archie himself walked in the door, that we realized that what we had heard was Archie's car crawling down the street.

Archie had big news for us, and he asked me to pass it along to you fellows and girls . . . so here goes. Sergeant Boyle and several others have told you about the new ARCHIE COMICS, remember? Well, by the time you read this, this great new comic book, featuring Archie himself in half a dozen laugh adventures, along with CUBBY, THE BEAR; JUDGE OWL; SQUOIMY THE WOIM; and BUMBIE, THE BEE-TECTIVE, will be on your favorite newsstand within a day or two, if they're not there already. I know that you're looking forward to reading it just as much as Dusty and I. This guy Archie and the new features are really *funny!*

And now I'd like to say a few words about Charles Whitmire, General Delivery, Irving, Texas. Charles has written me a really interesting letter, and I know you members of the Shield G-Man Club would like to hear about him. Charles has one ambition in life: to be a flyer. As Charles puts it: "Although my father was an Army man, he spent his military period on the ground . . . and I guess, therefore, that I take more after my uncle. He's a member of the Eagle Squadron in England. I don't think that there's anything more pleasant in life than the good, clean smell of the sky."

Charles goes on to tell that he's spent several hours in the air already, that he feels more at home in a plane than he does on the ground, and that he's going to enter the Army Air Corps as soon as he reaches the acceptable age.

Well, all I can say is that you're a pretty unusual fellow, Charles. I remember that Dusty looked green as grass the first time he went up in a plane, and I recall I didn't feel too happy myself. Anyhow, lots of luck . . . and say, Charles, have you joined HANGMAN COMICS' Junior Flying Corps? It's a club created for fellows like you—active, brave, *fighting* Americans.

Keep 'em flying!

Outstanding members this month:

Jeanette Reich
131-15 Liberty Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Sydney Reich
131-15 Liberty Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Anthony Rotella
312 Monroe Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Jack Bowles
Piney View, W. Va.

Robert Gibbs
Broadbent, Oregon

Helen Kovetz
1933 Park Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joe Higgins (the Shield)

CUT ON THIS LINE

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME .....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

January, 1943. Volume 1, Number 35. PEP COMICS is published monthly by M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis Mo. Editorial offices: 160 W. Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo Registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1942, M. L. J. Magazines, Inc. Yearly subscription $1.20 in the U. S. A. Single copies 10 cents. No actual person is named or delineated in this action magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 60 Hudson Street, New York City.

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND DUSTY
THE BOY
SLAM
WHAM
THE CORPSE GOT UP AND AND WALKED AWAY! BUT THE SHIELD AND HIS DYNAMIC SIDEKICK, DUSTY HAD THEIR WALKING SHOES ON TOO, SO THEY FOLLOWED THE CORPSE SMACK INTO THEIR SCREWIEST ADVENTURE: "THE TRAIL OF THE WALKING CORPSE!"
By IRVING NOWICK

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WITNESS THE PREVIEW OF A NEW MOTION PICTURE IN THE GIGANTIC PALATIAL PALACE GRAHAM MUSIC HALL...
SUDDENLY, PANDEMONIUM REIGNS AS FIRE, MOST DREADED FOE OF THE THEATRE, BREAKS OUT...
SCREAMING HEADLINES ANNOUNCE THE NEWS OF THE CATASTROPHE...
WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
LET'S HAVE A PAPER-SONNY!
THE CLARION
185 PERISH IN MOVIE FIRE; HINT BLAZE WAS STARTED TO COLLECT INSURANCE
AT THAT MOMENT IN A BAR, DOWN THE STREET NOT FAR FROM WHERE JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY ARE STANDING...
IT TOOK YUH LONG ENOUGH TO GET HERE! DID YUH BRING THE DOUGH!
NOW IS THAT NICE, MAYIE? HERE, WE DO YUH A FAVOR AND YUH DON'T EVEN OFFER US A DRINK!
HUH? OH-YEH, SIT DOWN AND HAVE SOMETHING!
THAT'S BETTER! HERE, LEFTY, PUT SOME COINS IN THE JUKE BOX! IT'S TOO QUIET AROUND THIS DUMP!

SIT DOWN NEXT TO MAXIE-THAT'S RIGHT LEFTY-NOW, WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?
YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT! AND I WANT IT RIGHT NOW!
HE WANTS IT NOW LEFTY-SO, GIVE IT TO HIM!
YEH-OKAY, SPIDER!
HERE IT IS, MAXIE!
OUR PAL'S A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER-SO WE'RE GONNA LET HIM SLEEP IT OFF!
OH NO YOU AIN'T! I DON'T WANT ANY DRUNKEN BUMS AROUND-GET HIM OUTTA HERE!
COME ON-WAKE UP, YOU!- HEY THIS BIRD AIN'T SLEEPIN' HE'S DEAD!
HEY YOU GUYS- COME BACK HERE!

STOP! YOU DIRTY KILLERS!
WHAT'S GOIN ON!
BAR
THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO! DUSTY-YOU HOP INTO THAT BAR AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT WHILE I TRAIL THOSE MEN!
THE KILLERS MAKE FOR A CAR WAITING AT THE CURB...
WHICH SPEEDS AWAY, BUT NOT BEFORE PICKING UP AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER, IN THE PERSON OF THE SHIELD!
MEANWHILE, DUSTY INVESTIGATES THE CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCE...
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
HOLY COW! THIS GUY'S BEEN MURDERED! I'M GOING FOR THE POLICE!
OH NO YOU DON'T! I DON'T WANT ANY COPS SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE!
LET GO MISTER- OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!
4

USING JIU-JITSU, DUSTY SENDS THE BARTENDER FLYING WITH A FLIP OF HIS WRIST
NOW TO FIND A POLICE-MAN!
COME WITH ME QUICKLY, OFFICER, THERE'S MURDER IN A BAR DOWN THE BLOCK!
SOMETIME LATER, BACK AT THE BAR.
MURDER, EH? FAITH LAD, AND WHERE'S THE BODY?
SURE NOW-AND IT COULDN'T WAIT TILL YOU GOT BACK, SO IT GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY!
IT'S RIGHT THERE IN THAT BOOTH!
THERE WAS BLOOD RIGHT OVER HERE, I TELL YA! SEE! IT'S JUST BEEN CLEANED AWAY!
WHADDAYA MEAN- JUST CLEANED! I CLEAN THIS PLACE ALL THE TIME! D'YA THINK I'M RUNNIN' A JOINT? -BESIDES, THERE HASN'T BEEN A CUSTOMER HERE FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR!
HE'S LYING, OFFICER! THERE WERE WITNESSES!
IF YUH THINK I'M LYIN'-WHY DON'T YUH SEARCH THE PLACE?

A SEARCH REVEALS NOTHING..
YOU DIDN'T EXACTLY GO OVER THIS PLACE WITH A "FINE TOOTHED COMB"-Y' KNOW!
OH/SO YOU'RE A WISE GUY, EH? YOU BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME, THIS ISN'T A PINCH, MIND YOU, BUT THE SERGEANT WOULD LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR "DEAD BODY"
LATER AT THE POLICE STATION
THE SERGEANT IS BUSY RIGHT NOW, SO YOU SIT THERE AND WAIT, WHILE I WATCH SOME OF THE BOYS PLAY PINOCHLE!
AW RATS!
MEANWHILE..
THE CAR'S SLOWING DOWN- THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!
WHY THAT'S CHARLES GRAHAM, THE THEATRE MAGNATE'S HOME!
THAT'S ODD! I WONDER WHAT THOSE THUGS WANT WITH HIM-I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK-SEE!
THOSE BIRDS MEAN BUSINESS!
MIND IF I CRASH THE PARTY?
HUH-!

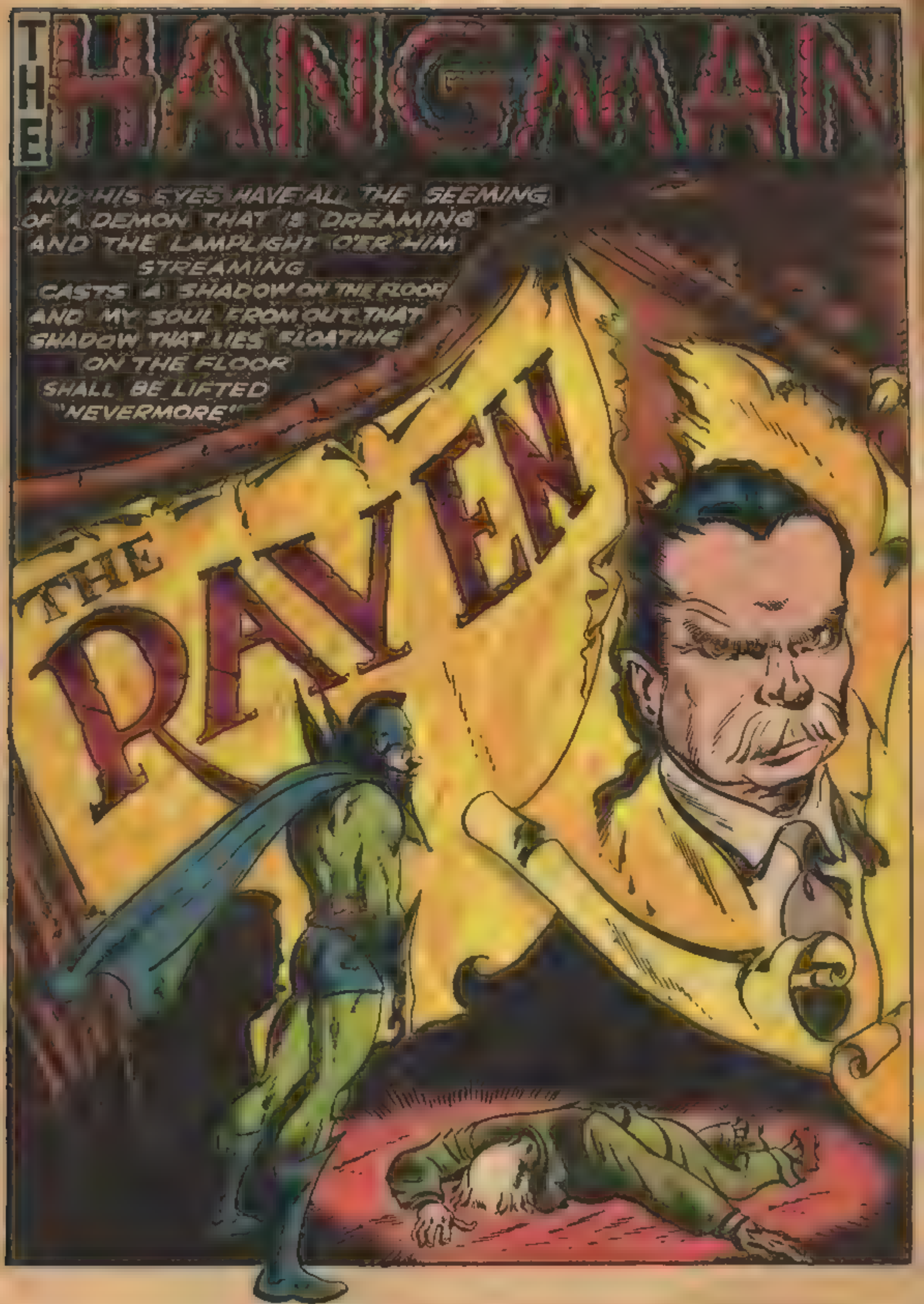
--AND LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT!
GOTTA BE CAREFUL WITH THAT, IT MIGHT GO OFF! SEE! DIDN'T I TELL YOU?
A HAND REACHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH- PRESSES IT...
CLICK
...AND PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO UTTER DARKNESS-ENABLING THE THUGS TO ESCAPE...
I CAN'T SEE A THING
WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON...
ARE YOU MEN ALL RIGHT?
YES! ARE YOU THE ONE WHOM MEN CALL THE SHIELD?
THAT'S RIGHT MR GRAHAM!
WELL MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US! I'M RICHARD HALE, MR GRAHAM'S SECRATARY!

SOMEONE IS TRYING TO RUIN ME BOTH SOCIALLY AND FINANCIALLY! FIRST IT WAS THREATENING LETTERS, THEN, VARIOUS BUSINESS VENTURES, WHICH SEEMED SURE-FIRE, FAILED!
THE FIRE IN MY THEATRE WAS THE CLIMAX. I WAS ACCUSED OF STARTING THE FIRE TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE. IT ISN'T TRUE! BELIEVE ME! THAT FIRE JUST ABOUT CLEANED ME OUT!
THAT IS HIS REWARD FOR BEING A PHILANTHROPIST AND A CIVIC LEADER!
AND NOW-THIS LATEST OUTRAGE! AN ATTEMPT ON MR. GRAHAM'S LIFE!
I'LL HELP YOU TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY-HOWEVER I MUST LEAVE NOW. SO I SUGGEST THAT YOU BOTH CARRY ARMS, FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION!
I'D BETTER SEE HOW DUSTY MADE OUT!
MEANWHILE, DUSTY'S NOT DOING SO WELL...
I'D FOUR HUNDRED!
HOW LONG DOES THIS GO ON!
I PASS!
WHY DIDN'T YOU PLAY TRUMP? HE SHOWED THREE DIAMONDS!
SURE NOW FLANNIGAN, AND WHO APPOINTED YOU AS KIBITZER!
I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN-TO GET AWAY!
BLAH! BLAH!

I MADE IT THANK HEAVENS FOR PINOCHLE FIENDS! NOW TO GET BACK TO THAT BAR!
HY DUSTY WHEREVE YOU BEEN?
BAR
A GUY WAS MURDERED N THAT BAR—WHEN I GOT BACK WITH A COP THE BODY WAS GONE! THE COP THOUGHT I WAS HAVING PIPE DREAMS AN HELD ME FOR QUEST-'ONING.' BUT I GOT OUT!
I THINK WE'LL -AVE A CHAT W TH THE BARTEND-ER!
DON'T ASK SHIELD!
WE'RE GONNA SEARCH TH S PLACE AGA N AND TH S T.ME-
YOU AGAIN! YOU'LL SEARCH NOTHIN!
NOW LISTEN, SHORT, STUPID AND REPULSIVE, SHUT YOUR TRAP OR YOU'LL BE SERVED UP AS HASH ON TOMORROW'S MENU!
OKAY-OKAY I'LL SHOW YUH AROUND!
WHAT DO YOU KEEP DOWN HERE IN THOSE BARRELS?
BEER! WHADDAYA "H NK"?
SINCE WHEN IS BEER RED!
JUST WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR!—IT'S MAX.E DIRELLO, I WONDER WHAT HE HAD TO DO WITH ALL THIS?

YOU MISERABLE RAT! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?
NOTHIN' HONEST! I WAS SCARED - I THOUGHT THE COPS WOULD CLOSE ME UP IF THEY FOUND A STIFF HERE - SO I HID THE BODY, THINKING TO DUMP IT INTO THE RIVER LATER!
I BELIEVE YOU! IT TOOK A MORE CUNNING MIND THAN YOURS TO PLAN THIS. NEVERTHLESS YOU'VE OBSTRUCTED JUSTICE BY— HIDING THE EVIDENCE — I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!
LATER...
WHO WAS THIS GUY DIRELLO!
OH- SOME SHYSTER LAWYER WHO HAD HIS FINGER IN EVERY FILTHY DEAL! WE'RE GOING TO HIS OFFICE, RIGHT NOW!
AT DIRELLO'S OFFICE...
WOW! THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING - AND MORE!
COME ON DUSTY WE'RE GOING TO PAY MR. CHARLES GRAHAM A VISIT!
A WHILE LATER AT GRAHAM'S HOME.
I THINK I'VE FOUND THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEMS, MR. GRAHAM!
JUST THEN FROM BEHIND THE SHADES.
YEAH? MAYBE IN A LITTLE WHILE, THIS'LL PUT AN END TO 'EM!
HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST! REMEMBER THAT!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU, SHIELD!
I CAN JUST IMAGINE MR HALE ALIAS RICHARD BLANE!
YES- I KNOW THAT CHARLES GRAHAM SWINDLED YOUR FATHER OUT OF HIS MONEY, AND PROPERTY THEN FRAMED HIM AND SENT HIM TO PRISON, ON A PHONY THEFT CHARGE, WHERE HE DIED OF SHAME!
YOU GOT A JOB AS GRAHAMS SECRETARY THEN YOU AND D'RELLO STARTED A REIGN OF TREASON AGAINST GRAHAM RUINING HIS BUSINESS INTERESTS THEN BUYING THEM UP FOR A SONG WITH D'RELLO HANDLING THE LEGAL END- BUT D'RELLO BALKED WHEN YOU WANTED TO MURDER GRAHAM —
WITH WHAT HE HAD AGAINST YOU, HE TRIED TO BLACKMAIL YOU- SO YOU HAD YOUR THUGS BUMP HIM OFF!
SUCH NICE PEOPLE! BRRRR,
YOU FIEND-PRETENDING YOU WERE MY FRIEND- WHILE ALL THE WHILE YOU WERE PLANNING TO KILL ME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!
YOU DESERVED TO DIE FOR YOUR TREACHERY AND HYPOCRISY— AS YOU WILL NOW
STOP! YOU FOOLS!
THEY'RE BOTH DEAD-VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN SCHEMING. HALE WOULD HAVE WON HIS RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE THROUGH THE LAW COURTS, INSTEAD CRAZED WITH A DESIRE FOR REVENGE - HE CHOSE THE PATH OF CRIME TO ATTAIN HIS ENDS!
AND YOU CAN'T WIN THAT WAY, SHIELD!


THE HANGMAN
AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE SEEMING
OF A DEMON THAT IS DREAMING
AND THE LAMPLIGHT O'ER HIM
STREAMING
CASTS A SHADOW ON THE FLOOR
AND MY SOUL FROM OUT THAT
SHADOW THAT LIES FLOATING
ON THE FLOOR
SHALL BE LIFTED
"NEVERMORE"
THE RAVEN

Out
THE WEIRD AND HAUNTING PAGES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE'S CLASSIC POEM, THE RAVEN, STEPPED A HUGE BIRD... A BIRD WHICH TALKED .. AND KILLED. IT CAME OUT OF A BOOK.. AND BROUGHT DEATH ALONG WITH IT.
WAS IT A SUPERNATURAL MURDERER OR A HUMAN BEING WHO, FOR SOME TWISTED REASON OF HIS OWN, CHOSE THIS STRANGE GUISE TO BRING DEATH TO THE NEW AND ULTRA-MODERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL?
But HUMAN OR SUPER-NATURAL, THE RAVEN WAS UNLUCKY... FOR HE CHOSE THE CENTRAL HOSPITAL AS HIS SETTING OF MURDER... AND THE HANGMAN WAS THERE
!
BFuje

OUR STORY OPENS AS BOB PICKERING AND THELMA GORDON WALK UP THE STAIRS OF THE NEW CENTRAL PRIVATE HOSPITAL
WHEW! QUITE A PLACE EH, THEL?
AND HOW! ALLGLASS AND STAINLESS STEEL!
LATER
VERY GLAD YOU CAME. I'M THADDEUS COLE, HEAD DOCTOR AT THE HOSPITAL. THIS GENTLEMAN IS MOREY MARTIN, MY ASSISTANT
HOW DO YOU DO? I HOPE YOU CAN GIVE MISS GORDON A GOOD STORY!
I HOPE YOU GET A GOOD STORY, TOO! LIKE ALL NEW INSTITUTIONS, WE CAN USE PUBLICITY SUPPOSING I SHOW YOU AROUND!
AH, HERE'S ONE OF OUR PATIENTS. HOW IS HE TODAY, NURSE?
HE'S MUCH QUIETER, DOC! I THINK HE'S IMPROVING!
FUNNY, BROWN! THAT PATIENT'S NAME'S PAUL LEFFINGE. HE WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL UNTIL HIS WIFE DIED OF AN INFECTION AT THIS HOSPITAL. THEN HE WENT BERSERK...
THAT'S TOO BAD!
SUDDENLY
GOOD GOD! WHAT MAN!
I'LL KILL HIM! I'LL KILL HIM!
WHAT'S THIS?
THERE HE IS! THERE HE IS! THE DIRTY RAT! LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!!!
YOU FILTHY MURDERER! I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

BOB DICKERING RUSHES FORWARD..
NO, YOU DON'T!
WHAM
MY SON JIMMY FLEMING DIED BECAUSE THAT MONEY MAD RAT WOULDN'T SEND AN AMBULANCE TO HIS HOUSE! I'LL GET HIM YET!
THANKS, DICKERING THAT MAN MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME HMPH! WHAT WOULD THIS HOSPITAL BE IF WE ACCEPTED EVERY CHARITY CASE WHO APPLIES FOR ADMISSION?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT WOULD BE. IT'D BE WHAT IT SHOULD BE.. A HAVEN FOR THE SICK!
SHUT UP, MARTIN!
I WON'T SHUT UP! THIS HOSPITAL ISN'T WHAT IT SHOULD BE IT'S A MONEY-GRUBBING INSTITUTION FOR FAT WOMEN WHO IMAGINE THEY'RE SICK..AND YOU'VE MADE IT THAT WAY!
YOU'VE MADE YOUR LAST SPEECH MARTIN. GET OUT! YOU'RE THROUGH!
ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH YOUR TRICKS FOREVER. REMEMBER THAT!
QUITE AN OUTBURST, DR COLE!
BAH! DON'T MIND HIM! HE'S BEEN BOILING EVER SINCE THE MEDICAL BOARD REALIZED MY SUPERIOR MERITS AND MADE ME THE HEAD DOCTOR OVER HIM.. AND THIS TIME HE JUST BOILED OVER!
SUDDENLY
FATHER! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!
WHAT? OH, ELLEN!

NOT NOW, DEAR! I'M VERY BUSY!
FATHER, I INSIST!
OH, VERY WELL. EXCUSE ME ONE MINUTE, WON'T YOU?
THAT GIRL SURE WAS FURIOUS ABOUT SOMETHING, WASN'T SHE?
WHY WAS BOB? SHE STILL IS. LISTEN TO HER VOICE!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. SHE'S YELLING SO LOUDLY THEY CAN PROBABLY HEAR HER OUT IN THE STREET!
WELL, IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS!
I'LL MARRY PIERRE WHETHER YOU PERMIT IT OR NOT! AND IF YOU TRY TO STAND IN OUR WAY.. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
WHEW!
THAT OLD CODGER DOESN'T SEEM VERY WELL LIKED AROUND HERE, DOES HE?
COME ON, PIERRE. THERE'S NO USE ARGUING WITH THE OLD FOOL!
AND REMEMBER THAT, COLE/ELLEN MAY BE UNDER AGE.. BUT SHE KNOWS HER OWN MIND! IF YOU TRY TO STOP OUR MARRIAGE, WE'LL FIX YOU!
HEH HEH... RATHER EMBARASSING, THAT, BUT.. WELL, ELLEN'S YOUNG AND SHE'S SO IMPETUOUS. YOU UNDERSTAND?
OF COURSE!
VERY WELL, THEN, SUPPOSING WE CONTINUE OUR TOUR..

THIS IS THE QUARTERS OF ONE OF OUR DOCTORS. WE TREAT OUR DOCTORS WELL! NOTE THE AIRY ROOM, THE AIR CONDITIONING...
..SYSTEM, THE SPACIOUS.. EH? WHAT'S THAT? OH, THE INTER-OFFICE SYSTEM...
YES! WHAT IS IT?
DR. COLE... YOU'RE WANTED IN THE OPERATION ROOM. EMERGENCY CASE!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME NOW. EMERGENCY OPERATION, YOU KNOW!
OF COURSE! I THINK I'VE ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR MY STORY ANYHOW!
WELL, GOOD NIGHT! I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO SOME PUBLICITY FROM YOU!
GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR LET'S GO THEL!
OUTSIDE.
THAT ATMOSPHERE IN THERE BOTHERS ME! I THINK I'D BETTER CRUISE AROUND! YOU WAIT OUT HERE!
AND INSIDE...
OH, WELL.. TO WORK! HELP ME WITH THESE GLOVES, WILL YOU NURSE?
YES, DOCTOR!
AND THEN.
EEEEEEEEEEE
UHA! THESE CHARITY OPERATIONS! BIG ORGANIZATIONS SEND THE PATIENTS AND I CAN'T AVOID TAKING THEM ONCE IN A WHILE, BUT I WISH THEY'D COME LESS OFTEN!

WHAT'S WRONG, NURSE? WHAT...
GOOD HEAVENS! IT... IT'S A HUGE BIRD! A...A RAVEN!
AND THEN.. THE BIRD TALKS!
I'VE COME TO GET YOU, COLE... COME TO STOP YOUR INCOMPETENT BLUNDERING ONCE AND FOR ALL!
GET READY TO DIE COLE!
NO! NO! PLEASE!
YOU'LL NEVER HURT ANYONE AGAIN! HEH, HEH! 'QUOTH THE RAVEN, NEVER-MORE!'
THE RAVEN FORCES THE ETHER TUBE OVER COLE'S NOSE AND MOUTH...
THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
SUDDENLY. THE HANGMAN BURSTS INTO THE ROOM..
LUCKY I DECIDED TO STICK AROUND!
GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S COLE ON THE FLOOR. MAYBE HE'S STILL ALIVE!
MY WORK IS DONE! I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!

COLE! COLE!... IT'S NO USE! THAT ETHER OVERDOSE FINISHED HIM!
SUDDENLY AN INTERNE RUSHES IN.
I HEARD NOISES IN HERE, AND---- H-HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENED?
DR. COLE HAS BEEN MURDERED! LISTEN CAREFULLY NOW. I WANT YOU TO GET HOLD OF THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE, AND HAVE THEM COME TO DR. COLE'S OFFICE. ONE... DR. COLE'S DAUGHTER TWO...
AND AT PIERRE'S APARTMENT.
WHAT! MURDERED! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
AND IN DR MARTIN'S OFFICE...
DEAD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I.... I'LL BE RGHT THERE!
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAD REASON TO KILL DR. COLE FILE INTO THE ROOM...
PIERRE WATKIN, RIGHT!
I THINK YOU ALL KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE. DR COLE WAS MURDERED THIS AFTERNOON BY WHAT APPEARED TO BE A HUGE, TALKING BIRD!

THE 'BIRD' WAS OBVIOUSLY A HUMAN BEING DRESSED IN A FANCY COSTUME. I INTEND TO LEARN THE REASON FOR THE COSTUME, AND THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON WHO WORE IT. I THINK IT WAS ONE OF YOU! WHEN I FIND OUT, BEWARE! THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE IS WAITING!
WELL, IT WASN'T ME. HANGMAN! I AM GLAD HE'S DEAD... BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!
AND I DIDN'T DO IT EITHER!
AND THEN SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND...
CRACK
AND NOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU DR. MARTIN! YOU'LL NEVER BRING ABOUT ANYONE'S DEATH AGAIN. HEH, HEH! "QUOTH THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE!"
FIERCELY, THE HUGE BIRD DRIVES THE KNIFE INTO DR. MARTIN'S CHEST..
AEEE
THEN, AS THE OTHERS WATCH, FROZEN WITH HORROR, THE RAVEN SPEEDS AWAY....
AND A MINUTE LATER...
WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?

THE RAVEN! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!
HE'S NOT ANYWHERE ALONG THE HALL!
I'D BETTER TRY THE OTHER CORRIDOR!
THEN, JUST AS THE HANGMAN REACHES THE OTHER CORRIDOR.
GET INTO THAT CHAIR! GET INTO IT, YOU HEAR ME?
WHY, THAT'S PAUL LERNER.. THE PATIENT WHOSE WIFE DIED..
I CAME UPON HIM TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY LEAPING OUT OF A WINDOW! HE'LL QUIET DOWN NOW HE ALWAYS DOES AFTER ONE OF HIS ATTACKS!
MY WIFE! MY DARLING WIFE! SHE'S DEAD! DEAD!
NURSE! I'VE GOT A HUNCH! WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE LOCKER ROOM?
AND IN THE LOCKER ROOM. THE HANGMAN HUNTS UNTIL HE LOCATES PAUL LERNER'S BELONGINGS.
I'M IN LUCK! HERE'S A PACKAGE OF LETTERS UNDER HIS CLOTHING!
NOW TO SEE IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT!
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
Sept. 1st
My darling Paul:
The doctors are going to ... one more morning ... Please pray that I will soon be cured and be with you again. Yours lovingly, Elaine
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SUDDENLY!
I'LL TAKE THAT LETTER, HANGMAN!
THE RAVEN!
YOU'RE JUST THE BIRD I WANT TO SEE!
YOU WON'T SEE SO WELL WITH YOUR EYES RIPPED OUT!
SLASH
WHEW! MISSED ME BY A EIGHTH OF AN INCH! HEY! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DISAPPEAR THIS TIME, RAVEN!...
BECAUSE I'M STICKING RIGHT ON YOUR TAIL!
WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF... HE'S GONE!

SUDDENLY..
NO, I GUESS HE'S STILL AROUND!
SLAM
YES, I'M STILL HERE HANGMAN! AND NOW I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU!
YOU'LL NEVER STICK YOUR NOSE INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S BUSINESS AGAIN. "QUOTH THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE"
NO, RAVEN! YOU'RE WRONG!
THIS TIME I'M SAYING THE "NEVERMORE"
YOUR CAREER OF MUR[redacted] IS FINISHED!
WHAP
AND NOW LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR FACE...
I WAS RIGHT! PAUL LERNER!

OHO! LOOKS LIKE THELMA GOT NERVOUS ABOUT MY SAFETY AGAIN!
HANGMAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
QUITE ALL RIGHT, OFFICER AND I'VE GOT A MURDERER FOR YOU. HE KILLED DR COLE AND DR. MARTIN!
SO HE'S A KILLER EH?. WHY THAT FUNNY COSTUME THAT RAVEN GET-UP?
SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...
I'LL LET LERNER TELL THE STORY HIMSELF. HOW ABOUT IT LERNER?
YES, I'LL TELL YOU... I'LL TELL YOU WHY I ADOPTED THE RAVEN COSTUME, AND KILLED THESE TWO RATS. THEY DESERVED TO DIE!
MY WIFE..MY BEAUTIFUL LENORE...WAS HERE FOR A MINOR OPERATION, AND BECAUSE OF THE INCOMPETENT BLUNDERING OF THE DOCTORS HERE SHE..SHE. DIED! I WAS MAD WITH GRIEF..
AND THEN I REMEMBERED POE'S FAMOUS POEM. THE RAVEN, IN WHICH HE, TOO, MOURNED HIS LOST LENORE THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO ADOPT THE RAVEN COSTUME AND PAY THEM BACK..KILL EVERY ONE OF THE BUTCHERS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH!
I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, LERNER. BUT WHEN YOUR MIND BECAME TWISTED WITH REVENGE AND YOU TOOK THE LAW IN YOUR OWN HANDS YOU FASHIONED YOUR OWN FATE THE FATE ALL MURDERERS INEVITABLY FACE· THE GALLOWS...
the END

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
BREST SUBMARINE BA
MANY IS THE MAN WHO HAS CURSED AND RENOUNCED THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH, MOSTLY IN THE HEAT OF MOMENTARY ANGER; NOT ONE SO VEHEMENTLY, SO SCORNFULLY AND SO COMPLETELY, AS EDMUND CARTER, WHO WORSHIPPED BLINDLY AT THE NAZI SHRINE OF RUTHLESSNESS, HATE AND BARBARISM —THIS IS THE TALE OF ONE WHO HAD FORGOTTEN THE MEANING OF EVERYTHING DECENT IN LIFE—THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY!
BY IRVING — NOVICK —

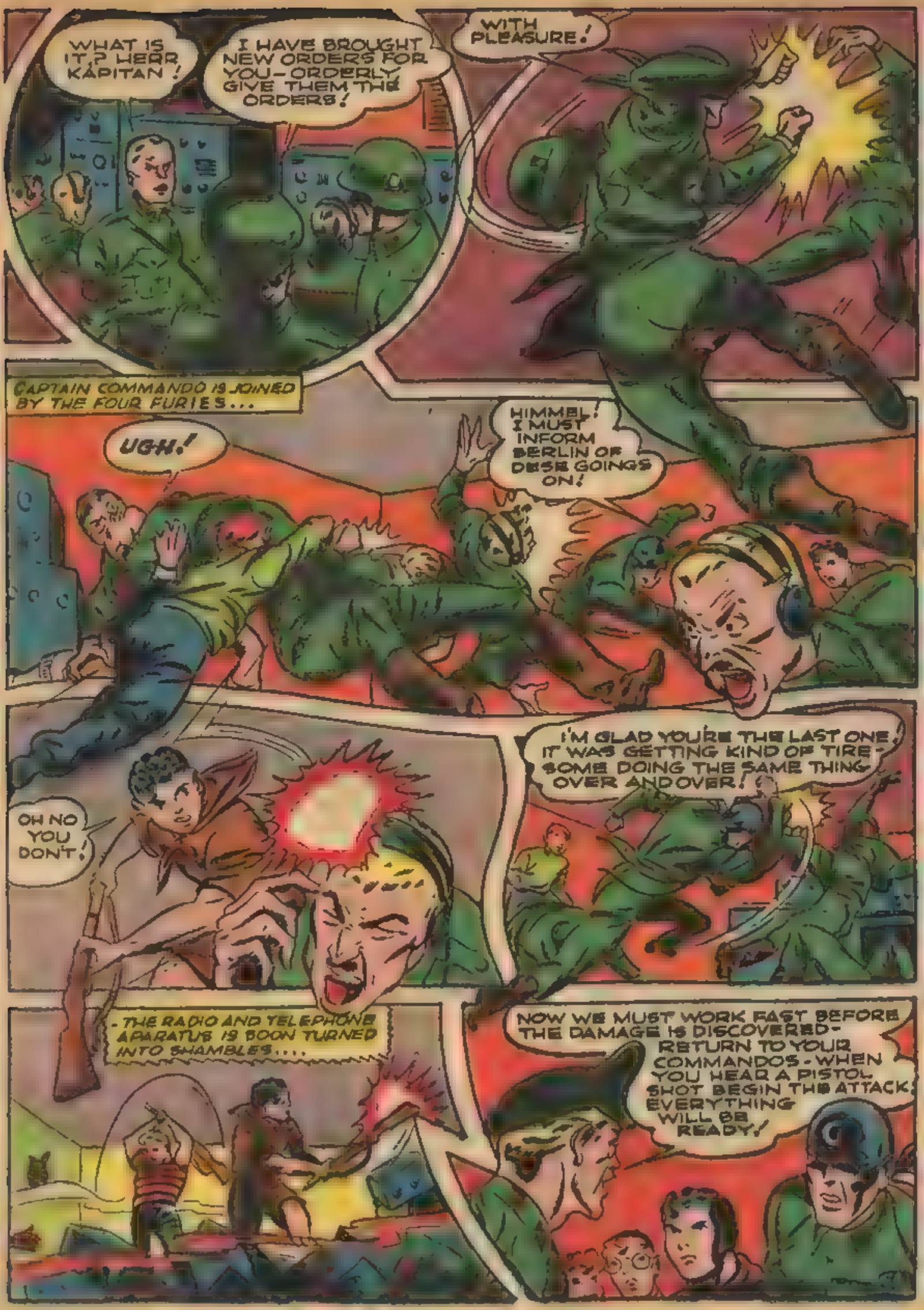
IN A TAVERN IN BREST AN IMPORTANT NAZI INVASION PORT IN OCCUPIED FRANCE, A GESTAPO AGENT SURVEYS A FRENCH PEASANT STANDING AT THE BAR...
...SILENTLY AND UNSEEN HE PRESSES A LUGER PISTOL AGAINST THE PEASANT'S BACK — THEN WHISPERS COLDLY....
COME WITH ME — AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE! THIS ISN'T A WATER PISTOL! MAKE FOR THE DOOR AND KEEP MOVING —CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!
THE GESTAPO DOES NOT MAKE MISTAKES!
A WHILE LATER AT THE LOCAL GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS....
I'M TAKING THIS MISERABLE DOG TO MY ROOM FOR QUESTIONING —AND I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD? HEIL HITLER!
JA, HERR CAPTAIN! HEIL HITLER!
THERE IS NO SENSE IN PRETENDING ANY LONGER! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE
OKAY! I AM CAPTAIN COMMANDO! NOW WHAT?
I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE! IT'S OBVIOUS — BREST HAS AN IMPORTANT SUBMARINE BASE AND INCENDIARY BOMB FACTORY YOU'D LIKE TO SEE DESTROYED — I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU!!
HA! HA! FUNNY! VERY FUNNY!
OF COURSE — HOW STUPID OF ME TO THINK YOU WOULD ACCEPT A CASUAL OFFER OF AID FROM A GESTAPO OFFICER. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH A DECENT MAN — ONE GROWS SO HARD AND CALLOUS UNDER THE NAZI SYSTEM!
I WONDER WHAT THIS BIRD IS DRIVING AT!

PERHAPS YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT THAT SO SIMPLE A PROCEDURE AS PULLING UP A WINDOW SHADE, COULD PLUNGE A MAN INTO A NIGHT-MARE EXISTENCE!
I SEE YOU LOOK PUZZLED / MAYBE YOU'LL REMEMBER ME NOW - MINUS THE PSUEDO-PRUSSIAN, DISGUISE!
BY GEORGE! YOU'RE EDMUND CARTER THE FORMER BERLIN RADIO COMMENTATOR FOR THE U.S. BROAD-CASTING SYSTEM!
AMERICAN! HOW GOOD THAT SOUNDS NOW. HOW HATED IT WAS THEN! BUT I HAD LOST ALL SENSE OF REASON WHEN I HAD BECOME INFECTED BY THE PAGAN DISEASE OF NAZISM!
YOU REMEMBER MY LAST BROAD-CAST! YES I THINK YOU DO REMEMBER! NO AMERICAN WILL EVER FORGET IT - TO MY EVER-LASTING SHAME!
DEMOCRACY IS A FALSE IDEAL BASED ON LIES, RACKETEERING AND DECADANCE! THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUE AND PURE IDEAL - NAZISM - MAY I NEVER HEAR THE WORDS, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS LONG AS I LIVE!
FOR THAT I WAS REWARDED WITH A POST WITH THE PROPAGANDA BUREAU AND A CAPTAINCY IN THE GESTAPO HERE AT BREST, HOWEVER MY WIFE WHOM I LOVED, COULD NEVER RECONCILE HERSELF TO NAZ-ISM! ONE DAY I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM BERLIN---
El Brest,
The shame I feel is more than I can bear. The agony you have done, has been suffering in my mind. I can't even think, I am an American! I loathe and despise everything Nazism stands for.
Anne
I ANSWERED HER IMMEDIATELY!
Dear Anne, For God's sake, stop writing such letters! They will only get you into trouble, and cause me to lose favor with the Nazi party. Henceforth, please refrain from mentioning anything which may be detrimental to either of us.
I expect to be settled here by next week, at which time I will make arrangements for your coming. Please be patient. Edmund
BUT I WAS TOO LATE! THE LETTER CAME BACK!
Edmund Carter
Rue de la Soleil
Brest, France
To
ADDRESS UNKNOWN
Adam Strasse
Berlin.
Germany

-SHOCKED AND FRANTIC WITH FEAR, I RUSHED FROM BUREAU TO BUREAU, USING MY INFLUENCE TO DISCOVER MY WIFE'S WHEREABOUTS.
YOUR WIFE IS GUILTY OF A SERIOUS CRIME AGAINST THE STATE! THIS TIME I CANNOT DIVULGE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING HER-
-FINALLY, AFTER WEEKS OF UNENDURABLE AGONY I RECEIVED NEWS THAT STRUCK TERROR TO MY HEART- SHE WAS A PRISONER AT THE DREADED CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DACHAU!! I LEFT IMMEDIATELY TO SEE THE COMMANDANT!
BUT I MUST SEE MY WIFE-SURELY YOUR POSITION IN THE GESTEPO CARRIES SOME WEIGHT!
YOU ARE RIGHT, KAPITAN! DER LEAST I CAN DO IS TO SHOW YOU DOT COURTESY! COME OVER HERE AND PULL UP THIS SHADE- YOU WILL SEE YOUR WIFE!
READY! AIM, FIRE!
MY GOD! IT'S ANNE!
-MY WHOLE WORLD TUMBLED AROUND MY HEAD AS I STOOD PARALYZED AT THE WINDOW GAZING AT HER BULLET RIDDLED BODY...
"YOU'RE A GOOD NAZI" SAID COL. REIMER, AS I STROBE DAZEDLY OUT. THEN I REALIZED HOW LOW I HAD SUNK IN HUMAN DEPRAVITY. I HAD BEEN A COLD, RUTHLESS MACHINE, DEVOID OF ALL SYMPATHY.
WHY DO I STAY HERE! THE NAZIS SUSPECT MY HATRED TOWARD THEM! AND SINCE I PUBLICLY DENOUNCED THE CAUSE OF THE UNITED STATES THEY NATURALLY MISTRUST ME! I AM BETWEEN TWO WORLDS! A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY! I WOULD HAVE ENDED MY MISERABLE EXISTENCE LONG AGO BUT I HOPED THAT I MIGHT REDEEM MYSELF IN SOME MEASURE- YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THAT HOPE!

MEANWHILE- RIGHT OUTSIDE OF THE GESTAPO-HEADQUARTERS-
I SAY! LADS, ISN'T THAT THE PLACE?
OUI! BUT HOW ABOUT ZE GUARD?
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM ALRIGHT - LET'S GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO!
SAY BUD- COULD YOU PLEASE WHERE THE GOFELS WILL SERAFET ON THE RIL-A-RA TONIGHT?
VAS?
IF YOU NAZIS HAD PLAYED GAMES WHEN YOU WERE KIDS YOU'D NEVER HAVE FALLEN FOR THIS ONE!
BY JOVE! THE BLOKE HAS GONE OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
ANOTHER RATZI! LET'S GIVE 'IM THE BUM'S RUSH!
WHEE! THAT WAS A JUMP WITHOUT SKIS, TOO!
WE SHOULD SING HIM A LULL-ABYE! MAIS OUI!
5

THERE'S CAD! WATCH OUT! THE GUY'S GOT A GUN!
THE BOY SOLDIERS!
LET US AT 'IM!
HOLD ON A MINUTE! THIS MAN IS OKAY! SO TAKE IT EASY!
WHAT ARE YOU FELLOWS DOING HERE? WHERE ARE YOUR UNIFORMS?
WHEN YOU DIDN'T RETURN ON TIME WE DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU! WE PICKED UP YOUR TRAIL AND FOLLOWED YOU HERE!
IN ORDER TO APPEAR LESS CONSPICUOUS WE SUBSTITUTED OUR REGULAR CLOTHES FOR OUR UNIFORMS - NOW TELL US. WHO THIS MAN IS? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
WHO HE IS ISN'T IMPORTANT, EXCEPT THAT HE'S A FRIEND WHO IS GOING TO HELP US ON OUR RAID ON BREST!
THANKS FOR TRUSTING ME! NOW THE FIRST OBJECTIVE IN THE RADIO STATION - DISRUPTION OF COMMUNICATIONS IS VITAL. WITH MY INFLUENCE WE CAN GAIN ACCESS TO THE STATION - BUT FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A GERMAN SOLDIER!
-ANYWHILE LATER, A GESTAPO OFFICER AND HIS AIDE ENTER A LOCAL RADIO STATION!


WHAT IS IT? HEAR KAPITAN!
I HAVE BROUGHT NEW ORDERS FOR YOU - ORDERLY GIVE THEM THE ORDERS!
WITH PLEASURE!
CAPTAIN COMMANDO IS JOINED BY THE FOUR FURIES...
UGH!
HIMMEL! I MUST INFORM BERLIN OF DESE GOINGS ON!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE THE LAST ONE! IT WAS GETTING KIND OF TIRE-SOME DOING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER!
- THE RADIO AND TELEPHONE APARATUS IS SOON TURNED INTO SHAMBLES....
NOW WE MUST WORK FAST BEFORE THE DAMAGE IS DISCOVERED - RETURN TO YOUR COMMANDOS - WHEN YOU HEAR A PISTOL SHOT BEGIN THE ATTACK EVERYTHING WILL BE READY!

YES - A PISTOL SHOT, THAT WILL END THE MURDEROUS CAREER OF COLONEL REIMER, WHO IS NOW IN COMMAND HERE - THE SAME COLONEL REIMER WHO SO WANTONLY HAD MY WIFE KILLED BEFORE MY VERY EYES!
- A SHORT WHILE LATER - EDMUND CARTER ENTERS THE OFFICE OF COL. REIMER!
AH, CARTER! JUST DER MAN I VANT TO SEE!
REALLY? HOW CONVENIENT THEN!
YES, ISN'T IT - PUT UP YOUR HANDS KAPITAN CARTER! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST! VE SUSPECTED YOU OF ANTI-NAZI SYMPATHIES SINCE THE DEATH OF YOUR VIFE! HOW WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP TO DACHAV?
I'VE GOT TO SIGNAL THE COMMANDOS - IF I PRETEND TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE WINDOW HE'LL FIRE AT ME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY EVEN IF IT MEANS MY LIFE!
STOP! YOU FOOL - OR I'LL SHOOT!
AS CARTER FALLS, HIS HAND CLUTCHES AT THE WINDOW SHADE —
- THEN RELAXING IN DEATH CAUSING THE SHADE TO SPRING UP, REVEALING —
LIEBER, GOTT! COMMANDOS! HOW DID DEY GET HERE?
8

-IN THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CUT OFF THE NAZIS ARE TAKEN BY COMPLETE SURPRISE!
-HIS OFFICE BUILDING A PLACE FROM SHELL-FIRE, REIMER RUNS OUT RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF CAPTAIN COMMANDO-
CAPTAIN COMMANDO DASHES INTO THE SEETHING INFERNO-
-AND EMERGES MOMENTS LATER WITH A STILLED FORM IN HIS ARMS!
-TWO SHOTS RING OUT SIMULTANIOUSLY-AND COLONEL REIMER FALLS, LIFELESS, TO THE GROUND!
THE FACT THAT REIMER CAME OUT OF THERE ALIVE MEANS ONLY ONE THING!
-THEIR MISSION SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, THE COMMANDOS RETURN TO THEIR BASE, PAUSING LONG ENOUGH TO BURY THEIR DEAD AT SEA!
JUST A MOMENT PLEASE, I WISH TO WRAP THIS FLAG AROUND THAT BODY!
SAY CAP, WHO IS THIS FELLOW?
HE IS A BRAVE MAN WHO GLADLY GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE CAUSE HE HAD FORSAKEN!
HE IS EDMUND CARTER- AMERICAN!
MORE THRILLS AND TALES OF COURAGEOUS DEEDS WILL EXCITE YOU WHEN CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS GO FORTH ONCE MORE TO BRING HOPE AND COURAGE TO THE OPPRESSED CAPTORS OF THE BLOODY NAZIS-NEXT MONTH IN-PEP COMICS!
9

GET SOME CENTS
BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE, TO KICK THOSE DIRTY GENTS WITH SOMETHING IMMENSE!
DON'T FORGET THE STAMPS, GET ENOUGH TO GIVE THEM CRAMPS. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS, WILL HELP MAKE US CHAMPS!
JOHN.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

HONORABLE MENTION

- PAUL KENNETH YANKOW, 1181 UNION ST., WARREN, OHIO, HAS PURCHASED A $25 DEFENSE BOND -
- MORO G CUTLER 1911 - 64TH ST. B'KLYN, W.30 WROTE US BEFORE THAT HE BOUGHT A $25 BOND HAS NOW BOUGHT A $50 BOND!

BYRON BAHR, 1012 MAIN ST., PETERSBURGH, IND.
VINCENT BIANCA, JR., 1309 JACKSON ST., SCRANTON, PA.
DAVID BIGELOW, 120 2ND ST., PHILLIPSBURG, PA.
CATHERINE BYRNE, 550 UNION ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
SALL CAMERA, 2.8 FRANCISCO ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
ANNE CLARK, 740 HEWITT AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y.
JAMES COLLIER, 418 FRANKLIN ST, FORREST CITY, ARK.
ANNEBELLE HOYCE CRANS, 309-2ND ST ABERDEEN, WASH.
WALTER JOHN DRABALSKI, 814 EASTERN AVE., HERKIMER, N.Y.
GEORGE AND ARTHUR FALLATI, 450 MAIN ST, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
GEORGE FISHER, 11 MANETTA PL., PITTSBURGH, PA.
RENEE FRANCES FRANCO, 1191 ZIMMER DR., ATLANTA GEORGIA
RANFORD DOUGLAS GAMBRELL ROUTE 4, GREENWOOD, S.C.
HENRY GAY, 1287 (N.E.) GABLE, DETROIT, MICH
EDWARD GREFF 41-16-47TH AVE., SUNNYSIDE, QUEENS, N.Y.
HAROLD HARR 5, 239 PARKE ST. W. PITTSTON, PA.
ROBERT HINES R.F.D. 3, INMAN, S.C.
GEORGE ALLEN HOWE 55 SPRUCE ST., RUMFORD, MAINE
WILLIAM WALL HUTCHINGS ROUTE 1, LANDERSVILLE, GA.
JOHN ROBERT JONES 315 W. VINE ST., TAYLORVILLE, ILL.
MARY MEKOLIN, 915 BLING AVE., UNION CITY, N.J.
GENEVIEVE JOYCE LAWRENCE 22, 14TH ST SW ALSPENCER, IOWA
RAYMOND LA MOYNE LOYD, BOX 225 DRISCOLL, TEXAS
BOBBIE MCKENSIE, 618 BURRELL ST., BRISTOL, VIRGINIA
MARTIN MEDNICK, 495 HOWARD AVE., NEW ORLEANS, LA

RONALD BURNS CAVANOUGH, BOX 589, LEESVILLE LOUISIANA
EDWARD MORGAN, 16 WEATHERBEE LANE, DEDHAM, MASS.
THEODORE MORRIS, 4920 CEDAR AVE, HAMMOND, INDIANA
GEORGE SHORT PERCIVAL, JR., 3.1 WEBSTER ST PETERSBURG VA
CLARENCE E FICTON, JR., 559 S. CENTER ST., POTTSVILLE, PA
TERMISO RAMOS, 34 WILLIAMS AVE, SAN FRANCISCO CALIF.
DONALD LEE REYNOLDS % T SMITH, R.F.D 2, SMETHPORT, PA.
LEO ROGER RYAN, 3624 BARING ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HENRY SANTO, 401 E. 102 ST, APT. 1E, NEW YORK, N.Y.
PAUL SCHER, 2061 S RAYMOND AVE., NEW YORK CITY
DESSA MAE SCHLUMBOHM, 1408 D ST, LAWTON, OKLAHOMA
JOHN LOUIS SCHLOZ, NO. 1555 ALOHA, DUBUQUE, IOWA
BILLY SCHOPPENHORST, JR, 10 6-25TH ST, ANACORTES, WASH.
MARLIS EARL SMITH, 2217 28TH ST., LUBBOCK, TEXAS
DON MIKE SULLIVAN, HORATIO, ARKANSAS, BOX 19
FRED VERDUGO, 103 BARTLETT ST, LOS ANGELES CALIF.
RICHARD ALEN WAGNER, BOX 176, RUTHVEN, IOWA
LEON WEINSTEIN, 734 E 160 ST., NEW YORK CITY
ANNA EDNA WILLIAMSON, 1344 S WOOSTER, L.A. CAL.
MELVIN WIRICK, SOUTH YORK ST., ALBION, INDIANA
WILLIAM WOLF 15221 LUCKNOW, CLEVELAND, OHIO
JOHN T. WILSON JR, 1027 CEC LAVE, LOUISVILLE, KY.
CHARLES YOKE, 88 E BOND ST., CORRY, PA.

JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA.... AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A $50.00 BOND — BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON OR COPY IT ON A POST CARD AND SEND IT ALONG TO US AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB."

NAME (PRINT PLAINLY)_____

ADDRESS STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

DANNY
IN WONDERLAND
"RED" HOLMDALE
DANEEEE, I'M BLOWING AWAY!
I--I HAVE ALL I CAN DO TO STAY ON THE GROUND MYSELF, KUPPIE!
WOOOOOOOOO
WONDERLAND HOLDS MANY TERRORS—BUT NONE GREATER THAN ITS STORMS! FOR WHEN THE WIND HOWLS, AND THE GALES RAGE, IT IS AS THOUGH ALL THE SPRITS ALL THE WITCHES, THE HOB-GOBLINS AND EVERYTHING EVIL HAS BEEN RELEASED FROM OUT A GIGANTIC PANDORA'S BOX! IN JUST SUCH A STORM DO OUR HEROES, DANNY AND KUP-KAKE FIND THEMSELVES AS THEY SCOUR WONDERLAND FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES!
THE--THE WIND IS DYING DOWN A LITTLE KUPPE! KEEP DOWN!
ARE-- ARE YOU KOON?
I COULDN'T---
STAY UP---
IF I WANTED TO!
LOOP
WELL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW! HA HA! YOU SURE LOOKED FUNNY!
WHEW! WHAT A WORKOUT!

THAT'S FUNNY! THE STORM PRACTICALLY BLEW EVERY TREE DOWN--EXCEPT THAT ONE!
HMM--MAYBE IT'S A MAGIC TREE!
NO, IT DOESN'T! THIS TREE LOOKS LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK! IT'S AN APPLE TREE--- AND, BOY AM I HUNGRY!
DON'T BE SILLY. IT LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER TREE!
I COULD STAND A FEW OF THOSE MYSELF! UP WE GO!
SAY! DO THESE APPLES TASTE SORTA FUNNY, KUPPIE, OR---
YEAH-- ONLY I'M TOO HUNGRY TO PAY ANY ATTENTION!
KUPPIE! AM I DREAMING OR ARE THESE APPLES GROWING BIGGER!
(GULP) WELL, IF YOU ARE DREAMING, I'M HAVING THE SAME NIGHTMARE!
DANNY! LOOK! TH--THE APPLES! TH--THEY'RE GETTIN' SO B--BIG I CAN'T HOLD EM!
?
JUMPING JELLYBEANS! IT ISN'T THE APPLES THAT ARE GROWING BIGGER! IT'S US GETTING SMALLER!
SHRINKING TREE
WHAT!
GOOD GOSH! NO WONDER WE'RE SHRINKING!--- BUT HOW DID THE SIGN GET HERE?--- I DON'T SEE IT BEFORE!
SHRINKING TREE
2

AND GEE WHIZ HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OFF THIS TREE?
YEAH! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
SUDDENLY---
HEH! HEH!
W--WHAT'S THAT?
HEH, HEH! SO YOU FOOLS ATE THE SHRINKING FRUIT, EH? WELL, THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN GET BACK TO NORMAL IS BY EATING THE FRUIT OF THE GROWING TREE! BUT TRY AND FIND IT!
ZUP!
DON'T BE WORRIED KUPPE! OUR FRIEND THE GENIE WILL FIND THE GROWING TREE FOR US!
THAT'S RIGHT WE GOT HIM IN A BOTTLE RIGHT IN MY POCKET---
HEY! IT'S GONE!!
GOOD GOLLY! THERE IT'S ON THE GROUND!
WELL, WE'D BETTER TRY TO GET DOWN!
EASY NOW, EASY! WE'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS IF WE FALL!
THEN---
KUPPE! LOOK OUT!
3

G-GOLLY! WHAT WAS THAT!
IT'S A KING BEE! DUCK!
HEY KUPPIE! HE'S NOT GOING AFTER US!
LOOK! THAT'S WHAT HE'S AFTER!
SEE? THERE'S ANOTHER BEE CAUGHT IN A SPIDER'S WEB!
KUPPIE I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN HELP HIM!
B-BUT I'M SCARED!
YOU NEEDN'T BE! HE'S IN TROUBLE--- HE NEEDS OUR HELP!
SUDDENLY--
ULP! DANNY--- LOOK!
THE SPIDER!
WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, SOON ENOUGH!
THERE YOU ARE, FELLOW! YOU'RE FREE!
SAY DANNY! HE'S ONLY A BABY BEE!
4

OKAY, YOUNG FELLER! I GUESS THAT'S YOUR POP COMING FOR YOU NOW!
HEY THAT KING BEE IS SHAKING US OFF THIS WEB!
HAALLP!-- DANNY, I'M FALLING!
WHEW! TALK ABOUT LUCKY BREAKS! THIS FLOATING LEAF CAME ALONG JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
WHEE!--THIS IS FUN, GLIDING ALONG IN A LEAF THIS WAY, KUPPIE!
FUN FOR YOU, MAYBE! BUT THE SOONER WE'RE ON THE GROUND THE BETTER I LIKE IT!
WELL, YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH NOW! WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND! HOLD TIGHT, KUPPIE!
THUMP
SAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, KUPPE!
KISSING THE GROUND! MMMM! (SMACK) BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE IT AGAIN!
WELL THERE'S THE BOTTLE!
C'MON LET'S OPEN IT!
WELL, PUSH A LITTLE MORE, WILL YOU?
HOW ABOUT YOU PULLING A LITTLE MORE? I'M DOING MY BEST!
IT'S NO USE! WE'RE JUST TOO SMALL TO OPEN IT!
GEE WHIZ--- GOLLY! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

BUT JUST THEN---
KUPPIE! IT'S OUR FREND THE KING BEE AGAIN! I THINK HE'S TRYING TO TELL US HE WANTS TO HELP!
BUZZZZ BUZZ
HUH! HOW CAN A BEE HELP US?
SUDDENLY THE KING BEE TURNS AND---
WHISTLE
AND A FEW FEET AWAY ANTS GET THE CALL---
WHISTLE
QUICKLY THE ANTS GET TO WORK---
AND SEIZE AN OLD CORK SCREW
THEN, GETTING HOLD OF SOME THIN VINES---
THE INSECTS PROCEED TO BUILD AN INSTRUMENT---
WHICH HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD THE CORK!
!!
6

DOWN DOWN DOWN GOES THE CORK SCREW---
UNTIL IT BEGINS TO PERCE THE CORK---
THEN---
HEY LOOK! IT'S IN TIGHT!
YEAH! NOW THEY'RE GONNA PULL IT!
POP!
AND---
WHAT IS IT, MASTER?
SEE DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
YEAH--- SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER!
WHAT IS IT, MASTER?
GET US THE FRUIT OF THE GROWING TREE GENIE! AND FOR PETES SAKE DON'T TALK SO LOUD!
HERE IT IS MASTER!
AND SO, LATER---
GEE! IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE BIG AGAIN HUH?
AND HOW! SAY, THERE'S A BEE! HYA PAL! I LIKE BEES!
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT LIKING BEES KUPPIE?
@@#!**! NEVER MND! I CANCEL THAT STATEMENT!
MORE UNUSUAL ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND WITH DANNY AND KUPPIE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! LOOK FOR 'EM!
7

DEATH OF A BALLET DANCER

A HANGMAN STORY

By FLYNN V. LIVINGSTON

THELMA GORDON was annoyed—very much so.

You didn't have to tell that to Bob Dickering. He knew she was annoyed by the set of her chin, by the steely glint in her eyes, and by the fact that she informed him of her annoyance approximately three hundred times during the evening.

The three hundred and first time was the one which broke the Dickering's back. Bob turned to her and said, "All right, Thelma, you feel you've been gypped—and it serves you right. I didn't want to come to this ballet performance in the first place . . . but you insisted . . ."

"Wait a minute, Bob," Thelma said. "Don't get me wrong. I enjoyed the performance tremendously. All *I'm* angry about is the fact that Ivan Terchov was supposed to appear tonight—and didn't. After all, they advertised his appearance . . ."

"I know, I know," said Bob. He sighed. "I understand. Ivan Terchov is the top man in the ballet dancing field, and you've always wanted to see him, and you can't understand why he didn't appear tonight . . . and you want me to find out why. Correct?"

"Absolutely," said Thelma She smiled radiantly. "Just satisfy my curiosity, and I'll feel better. I told Bennett, Terchov's manager, that I was a reporter earlier in the evening when I inquired and he slammed the door in my face. But you told me yesterday that you've known Bennett for years, and I thought that maybe . . ."

Bob shrugged his shoulders, asked Thelma to wait right there at the rear of the theatre, and walked with long, swinging steps in the direction of Ivan Terchov's dressing room. And at the door, abruptly, he stopped.

Edgar Bennett was leaning against the door, his face the color of paper.

Bob stepped forward quickly, and took hold of Bennett's shoulder. He shook it, and Bennett stared up at him with dazed eyes. "Ed," said Bob. "Ed—what's wrong?"

Bennett looked at him. "It—it's Terchov," he said, slowly. "He's dead . . ."

Bob let go of Bennett's shoulder, and turned the knob of the door. The door swung open and the two men entered.

Ivan Terchov lay on a couch. His features were waxy, his face twisted. He looked as if he had died in horrible pain. . . .

Three men stood around his bedside. Two of them were talking quietly—clean looking, competent men whom Bob guessed were doctors. And the third man was a surprise. . . .

He was an enormous Russian with powerful shoulders and hands, and he must have been almost seven feet tall. He was dressed in wide, sashed trousers with a silk shirt and he looked like something out of Asiatic Russia—deadly and mysterious. And this was incongruous, because he was crying.

Bob examined Terchov briefly and turned to the doctors. "How did he die?" he asked.

"Tetanus. Lockjaw, you know. We didn't catch it in time," one doctor answered.

"Lockjaw, eh?" Bob said. "How was he infected?"

"I'll tell you that," Bennett cut in. "Terchov danced for a living—and naturally, in a profession of that sort, he wanted to protect his feet. Therefore, for street purposes, he always wore old shoes—very old shoes which he'd had for a long time and which kept his feet in perfect ease. One of these shoes had a nail which had worn through from the heel . . ."

"I see," said Bob. "Didn't Terchov put some antiseptic on the wound—iodine, mercurochrome, or something?"

"Kaliv did," Bennett said. He indicated the weeping Russian. "That's Kaliv over there. Been with Terchov for years—ever since Ivan left Russia in 1917. He put some iodine on the cut—but that was some time after Ivan got the cut, and apparently it was too late. That's the iodine right over there . . ."

The bottle of iodine lay on a table nearby. Casually Bob opened the bottle and smelled the brown liquid. Then he set the bottle down and thought for a moment . . .

"Ed," he said to Bennett, "tell me something. Did Terchov have any enemies?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Never mind that," Bob said. "*Did he have any enemies?*"

Bennett continued to stare. "Wait a minute," he said. "If you've got any ideas about this being other than a normal death by tetanus, let me set you straight. Two of the most competent doctors in this city have been on the case immediately from the first symptoms, and there's no doubt whatsoever that Ivan died of tetanus infection. He's been sick for three days, but up till the final delirium, he begged me not to let the newspapers know. He was a funny guy—hated people to know anything about his personal business . . ."

"I haven't said anything about the death not occurring

through tetanus. I asked—did he have any enemies?"

"None whatever," Bennett said. "I tell you Terchov was a funny guy. Introspective; solitary. Why, will you believe it—up till Ivan got sick and Kaliv came running for me, I'd never been in this room! All our business was conducted in my office. But here in his dressing room, and at his home—he received no visitors . . . just didn't like people. Kaliv was the only one with him all the time."

"I see," said Bob, slowly

"I can't stress that too strongly. He was the most unfriendly man I've ever known. He had no enemies—and no friends. Nobody knew him well enough to want to kill him."

Again Bob thought for a moment, and then he walked toward the door. At the door he turned. "One more thing, Ed," he said. "Is Terchov interested in horses?"

Bennett looked surprised. "Why, yes!" he said. "How did you know? I've naturally never been to his house, but in one of his rare conversational moments, he told me that he keeps a small stable near his home. He's a great rider . . . comes from a family of Cossacks."

"And, naturally," Bob said "he had no stableman?"

"No," Bennett said. "He had no other servants—just Kaliv"

Bob smiled grimly. Everything fitted in. He'd read often enough about Terchov's liking for privacy . . . from all the stories he'd read, Bennett's statement about never having been in Terchov's dressing room or home was certainly logical. And the horse angle tied in . . .

"You had all better be here at exactly this time tomorrow night," Bob said "You're going to be visited by a friend of mine—The Hangman!"

It was only after Bob had gone that the others noticed that the iodine bottle was gone . Twenty-four hours later they were all there. And as they stood there, waiting tensely, The Hangman stepped through the door.

"I've come here," he said quietly, "to reveal the murderer of Ivan Terchov

"Murderer!" Bennett burst out. "Hasn't Dickering told you the facts of this case? Terchov died of an accidental cause."

"You're wrong," said The Hangman. "Terchov was murdered—murdered with a cute trick which, even though the murderer doesn't think so, is as well-known to the police as more orthodox methods like stabbing or shooting

The air was tense. "What do you mean?" Bennett croaked

"Let me tell you how it was done," The Hangman said "The murderer, by forcing a nail up into a shoe, caused Terchov to cut himself. Before doing this, he planted an antiseptic bottle filled with tetanus germs, so that when the victim used the iodine, he was inoculated as thoroughly as though the germs had been injected into his arm with a hypodermic needle!"

One of the doctors spoke up "That's impossible," he said "Tetanus germs would die instantly in an iodine solution."

The Hangman nodded "True," he said, "but that bottle didn't contain iodine. Dickering gave me the bottle and I had analyzed it. The bottle contains argyrol, a solution very much like iodine but so much weaker that tetanus germs can live comfortably in it . and it also contains enough tetanus germs to kill an army."

"That—that's amazing," said the doctor. "But how on earth did the killer manage to get his hands on tetanus germs?"

"Very simple," said The Hangman. "Tetanus germs can be found by the billions around stables. The killer simply took some ground at the stable, immersed it in water, and in that way he got the solution."

There was a strained silence. "And now," The Hangman said, "for the murderer. You all realize who it is, don't you? Who had access to Terchov's shoe, so that he could fix the nail? Who had access to Terchov's stable? And who made sure that Terchov would use the doctored iodine bottle? Kaliv . . . of course!"

Suddenly the big Russian leaped back. A knife was in his hand. "Stand still, everyone," he said.

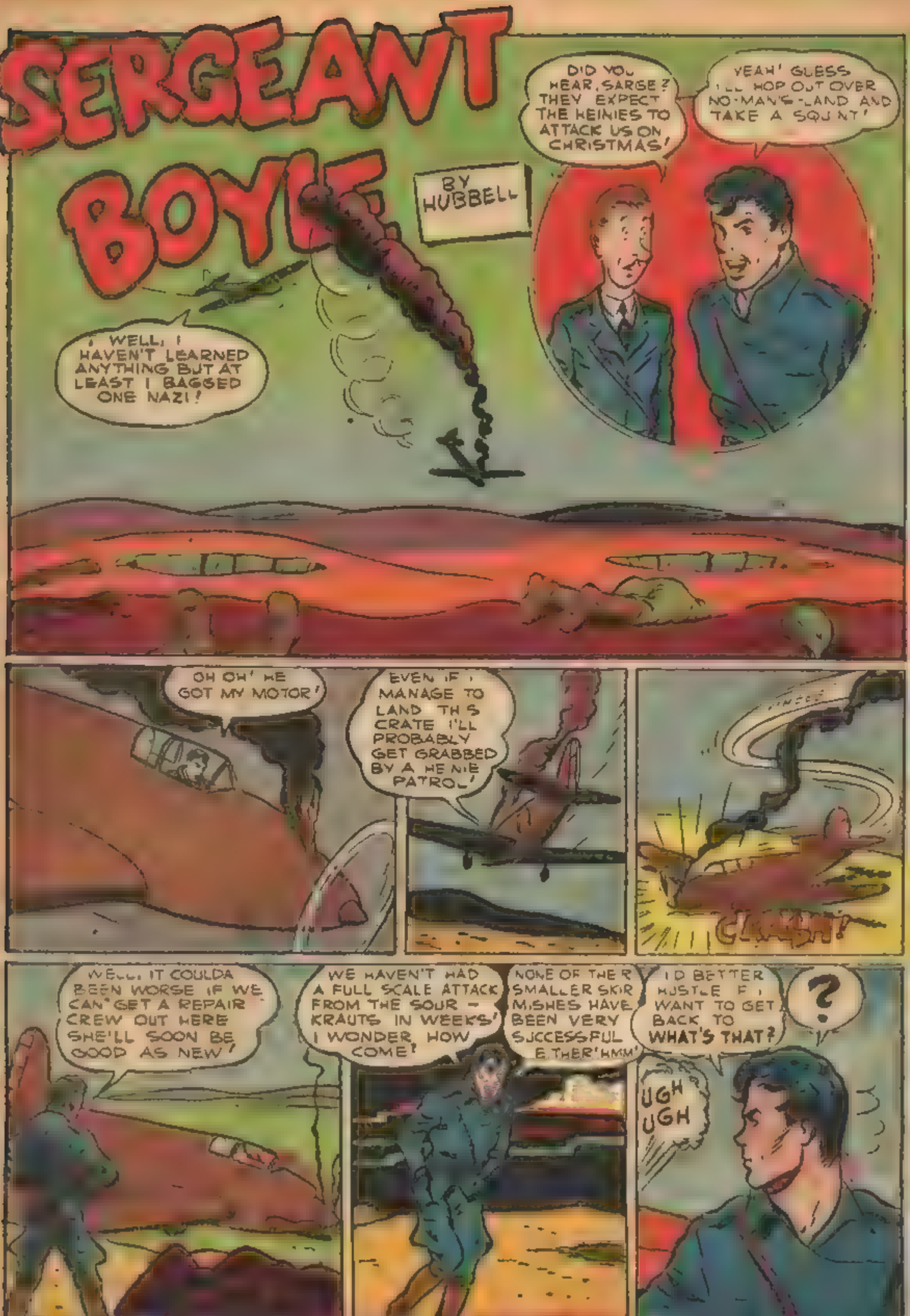
"I've been quite correct, haven't I, Kaliv?" The Hangman said, calmly.

"Quite correct," said Kaliv. "I waited more than twenty years to pay Terchov back. My family were his servants back in Russia . . . and the filthy rat treated them horribly. One by one I saw them die of starvation—and I swore I'd pay him back. So I remained his servant. I knew I couldn't just murder him out in the open in Russia. Then, when he fled to America, I thought my chance was coming. But here, too, there was a law which dealt swiftly with murderers . . . the gallows!" He paused for breath. "So I waited. And then, finally, I hit upon this plan to take care of him. I thought no one would guess—but now that *you* have, Hangman . . . everyone in this room must die!"

Then The Hangman jumped! He got hold of the knife hand, and twisted. He ducked Kaliv's other massive fist, and the knife clattered to the floor

Then, swiftly, The Hangman's hand found a nerve-center and pressed. Kaliv's eyes bulged and he fell to the floor.

The Hangman turned to Bennett. "Phone the police," he said.


SERGEANT BOYLE
BY HUBBELL
WELL, I HAVEN'T LEARNED ANYTHING BUT AT LEAST I BAGGED ONE NAZI!
DID YOU HEAR, SARGE? THEY EXPECT THE HEINIES TO ATTACK US ON CHRISTMAS!
YEAH! GUESS I'LL HOP OUT OVER NO-MAN'S-LAND AND TAKE A SQUINT!
OH OH! HE GOT MY MOTOR!
EVEN IF I MANAGE TO LAND THIS CRATE I'LL PROBABLY GET GRABBED BY A HEINIE PATROL!
CRASH!
WELL, IT COULDA BEEN WORSE IF WE CAN'T GET A REPAIR CREW OUT HERE SHE'LL SOON BE GOOD AS NEW!
WE HAVEN'T HAD A FULL SCALE ATTACK FROM THE SOUR-KRAUTS IN WEEKS! I WONDER, HOW COME!
NONE OF THE R SMALLER SKIRMISHES HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL E. THER! HMM!
I'D BETTER HUSTLE IF I WANT TO GET BACK TO
WHAT'S THAT?
?
UGH UGH

WELL, FAN MY BROW! A GERMAN OFFICER! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
ACH! I TOLD DEM IT VAS NO USE; BUT DEY VOULDN'T LISTEN! VE CAN'T VIN WITHOUT DER FELD MARSHAL!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? HURT BAD?
L-LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOLS! MARSHAL DOMMEL ISS A SICK MAN! HE'S BEEN SENT BACK TO GERMANY TO RECOVER! VHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?
HOLY MACKEREL! THIS GUY'S OUT OF HIS HEAD! WHAT'S THAT ABOUT MARSHAL DOMMEL?
I DON'T CARE VOT THEY TOLD YOU! I SAY DOMMEL ISS NO LONGER HERE! HE... ACH! MY HEAD!
I-I MUST HAFF BEEN DELIRIOUS! AT LAST SOMEBODY VILL LISTEN TO ME! VOT I SAY ISS TRUE! MARSHAL DOMMEL IS NO MORE IN COMMAND! HE IS A RELATIVE OF MINE AND I KNOW!
THEY ARE KEEPING IT A SECRET BECAUSE OF DE MORALE! NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME! I-I-
AAAAGH!!
HEY!
HE'S DEAD, POOR DUCK! WONDER IF THERE IS ANYTHING TO HIS STORY? HE WON'T MIND IF I BORROW HIS UNIFORM!
IF IT IS TRUE, THAT EXPLAINS THE LONG LULL, EXCEPT FOR LITTLE SKIRMISHES LIKE THIS LAST ONE!
MEANWHILE
GOSH! I CAN'T FIND BOYLE ANYWHERE! THE HE NIES MUST HAVE GOTTEN HIM!
A NAZI!

WELL, IF THEY GOT SARGE, I'LL AT LEAST GET THIS GUY!
ZING
BANG
?
BANG
ZING
!6?#?!
IT'S TWERP!
HEY TWERP!
HEY! YOU DOPE! DON'T SHOOT! I'M BOYLE!
ZING
PING
PING
?
BOYLE?
SARGE! I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' EVERYWHERE!
SEE YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T SHOOT YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE HEINE UNIFORM?
WHAT A NICE SAFE GUY YOU ARE TO HAVE AROUND! SOME DAY I'M GONNA SAVE SOME NAZI SOME TROUBLE TWERP!
I JUST HEARD THAT DOMMEL ISN'T RUNNING THINGS ANYMORE! I'M GOIN OVER TO THEIR LINES TO SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT SOME MORE!
DOMMEL! NO KIDDIN'? I'LL COME WITH YOU!
N AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM? DON'T BE A SAP! SO LONG SEE YOU LATER!
AW PHOOEY! I NEVER GET ANY EXCITEMENT!
A FEW FEET AWAY IN A SHELL HOLE
WOT A SCRAP! I MUST HAFF BEEN UNCONSCIOUS!!! I VONDER..
G!?# XX? BLANK
OW!
BOP!
GOLLY! WHERE'D THAT GUY COME FROM?
HEY, BOYLE! WAIT UP! I GOT A UNIFORM TOO!
?

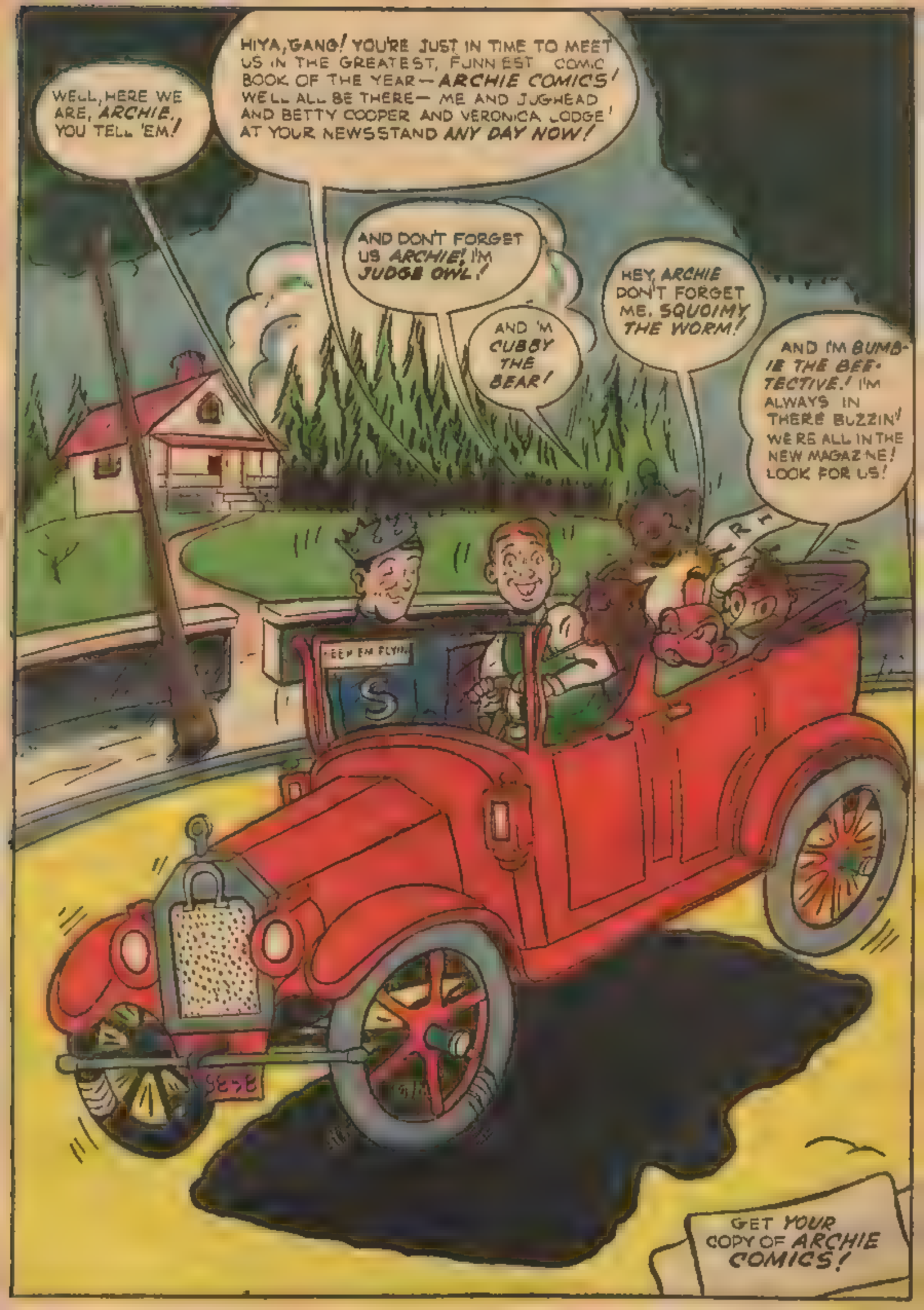
BOYLE AND TWERP ARRIVE IN THE NAZI-HELD TOWN.
HERE WE ARE, TWERP! LET'S TRY THAT BAR, MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP SOME INFO IN THERE!
BAR
KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN AND YOUR MOUTH SHUT. WE MAY FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR SUPPLY ROUTE! OUR PLANES HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SPOT IT ANY-WHERE!
YEP! IT SURE IS STRANGE! THEY SAY! LOOK OUT! YOU...YOU
HC
OOPS! I SPILLED YOUR BEER! HIC! I'M SO SORRY! THERE ISH ANOTHER ONE! HIC!
THANK Y...??? WHAT IS THIS? GO ON, BEAT IT, WILL YOU? YOU'RE ATTRACTING ATTENTION!
OOOH! SPIES, ARE YOU?
YOU THINK YOU'RE SHPIES? HIC? PHOOEY! I'M THE ONLY GOOD SHPY AROUND HERE! HIC!
SHHH! QUIET, YOU DOPE!
HEY!
OH, YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW WHAT BAD...HIC, SHPIES YOU ARE! I'M NOT SURPRISED! WHY!..
PSST PSST LOOK BEHIND YOU! OWWW
VOT'S ALL DIS?
MAKE THOSH SHPIES GO AWAY! THISH ISH MY TERRITORY! HIC! I WASH HERE FIRST!
SO!
UP MIT DER HANDS! UP MIT 'EM!

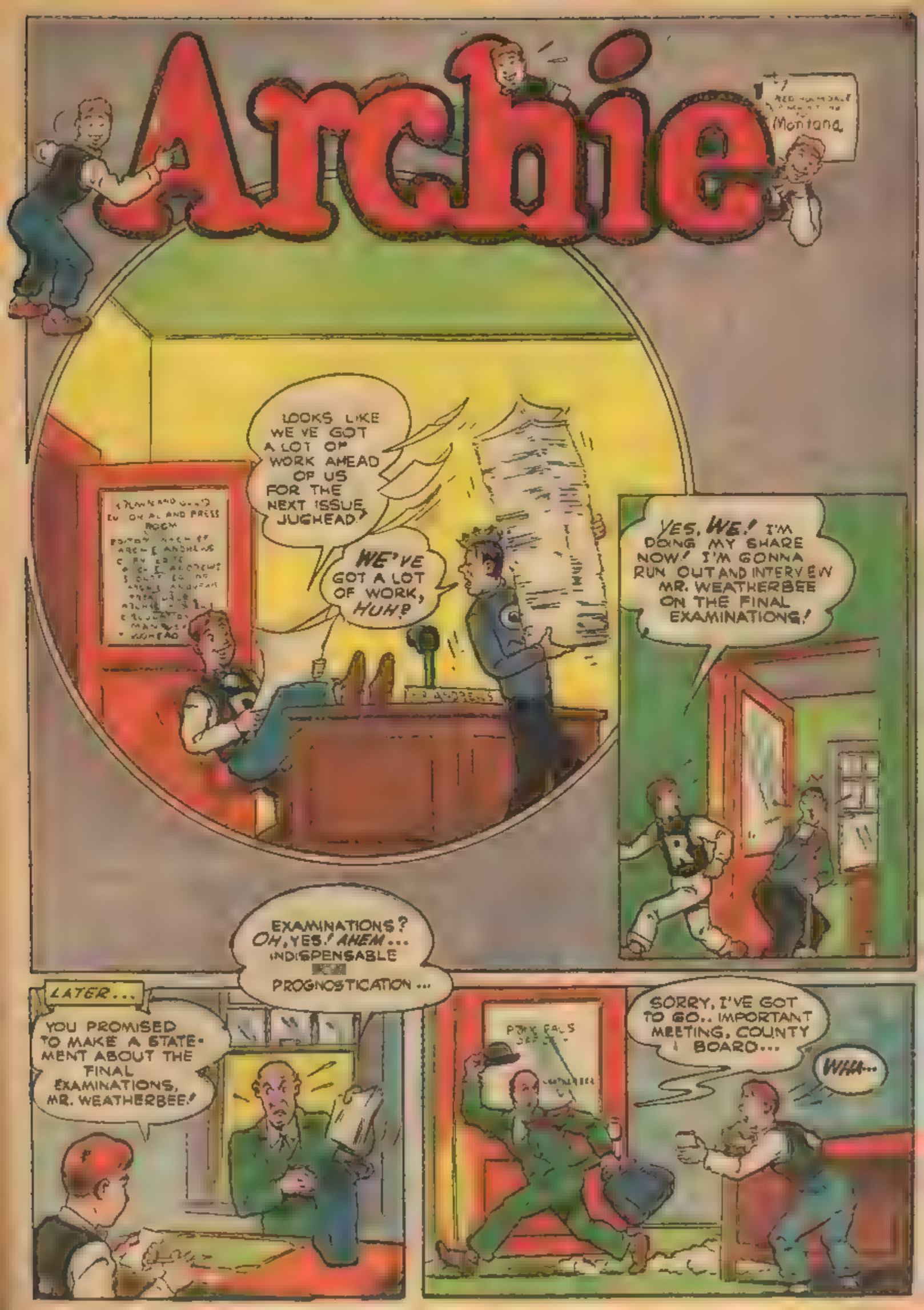
BOY! NICE CO'N! NOW WE'LL PROBABLY ALL GET SHOT THANKS TO YOU!
THIS GUY MUST BE A MAGICIAN! BUT WHOSE SIDE IS HE ON? I WONDER!
KAPITAN! HAF HERE THREE SPIES! VOT DO VITH 'EM?
OHH SPIES HAH?
VAIT! DOT'S A LIE! VE'RE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS! HE'S DER SPY!
LOOK IN HIS POCKETS! LOOK! MAPS! PLANS! SECRET PAPERS!
SO! TAKE HEEM AVAY!
TS LUCKY YOU CAUGHT HIM! I "AKE YOU TO MY ZOOPER OR OFFICER!
IT'S A DIRTY IRISH TRICK! I'M A LEJ-TENANT!
GOOT!
NU? VOTS DER MATTER KAPITAN?
MAJOR DESE ARE THREE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS
AHA DIS MAN IS A SPY! QVICK! DON'T LET HIM GET AVAY!
?
VOT? HE'S A SPY?
BUT NEFER SAW DOT MAP BEFORE!
YOU ARE TO CONGRATULATED! VOT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I VOULD LIKE TO MEET YOUR COLONEL!
?
?
HALF AN HOUR LATER, HALF OF THE GERMAN COMMAND HAS BEEN THROWN INTO THE CLINK AS SPIES AND BOYLE AND THE OTHERS FINALLY REACH THE GENERAL...
SO! HUGO! A SPY! UND YOU A COLONEL!
B-B-BUT, GENERAL
HERE'S A LETTER FROM DER AMERICANS THANKING HIM FOR SOME INFORMATION! TSK! TSK!
MOOF ALONG, YOU VAT HERE GENTS!
?
DON'T TORTURE HIM TOO MUCH GENERAL! JUST SHOOT HIM QUICK!
YOU'RE DOIN OK SO FAR, BUT NOW WHAT WISE GUY?

VERY SIMPLE! THE NEXT GUY S THE FELD MARSHAL AND THE THREE OF US SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HE'S BEEN SENT BACK TO GERMANY SICK! NOT EVEN HIS OFFICERS KNOW IT!
HOLY SMOKE! NE THER DD!
WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE! HMM! I'VE GOT IT! NOW LISTEN! WHEN THE GENERAL COMES BACK YOU TELL HIM..
SORRY, KEPT YOU WAITING! SAY! WHERE ISS YOUR FRIEND?
OH, H.M? HE'LL BE BACK SOON!
HE VENT OUT TO CATCH SOME MORE SPIES!
FINE! FINE! OH, EXCUSE IT! DER PHONE!
HELLO WHO? M-MARSHAL DOMMEL? WHERE ARE YOU? VE HAFF BEEN VAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!
DUMMKOPF! DIDN'T YOU GET MY MESSAGE? I VANT DER ATTACK TO START AT VUNCE! CAN'T I GET NODDINGS DONE RIGHT?
WHO ISS DOT YELLING IN DERE?
VE BETTER TAKE A LOOK!
VOT DD YOU SAY MARSHAL?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
SAD HOLD DER PHONE! I'M A LITTLE BUSY!
BAM
NOW GET BUSY UND GIFF DOSE ORDERS! I VANT DER ATTACK TO COMMENCE RIGHT AVAY!
BOP

YOU SEE THREE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS GIFF DEM ANYTHING DEY VANT' DEY ARE PERSONAL FRIENDS OFF MINE!
JA' JA' JA' JA'
?
HELLO' DER ORDERS ARE CHANGED' VE ATTACK RIGHT AVAY' JND SEND UP DINNER FOR THREE'
H'YA GENERAL' HERE ARE SOME MORE SPES I FOUND'
HIMMEL' MY BEST GUARDS'
VE HAFFENT TME TO EAT' GIFF US A PLANE' VE GOT TO GET TO MARSHAL DOMMEL RIGHT AVAY'
VERY GOOT' FOLLOW ME' I GET YOU ONE'
AT THE LANDING FIELD
C'MON, SARGE' HERE'S OUR PLANE'
WAIT A MINUTE' THAT TUNNEL MUST BE THE WAY THEY TRANSPORT THEIR TROOPS AND MUNITIONS' NO WONDER OUR PLANES COULDN'T SPOT 'EM'
TELL OUR BOYS TO COUNTER ATTACK RIGHT AWAY' GET THERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN' EVERY SECOND COUNTS'
YOU GOT NOTHIN TO WORRY ABOUT' I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES'
VOT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE! I THOUGHT YOU LEFT!
DON'T WORRY' WE'RE GOING! C'MON, LETS GRAB THIS TRUCK'
GIFF DER MARSHAL MY REGARDS'
SURE' SURE' SO LONG, AN' THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
THIS TRUCK IS FULL OF BOMBS AND GRENADES! KEEP GOIN' TWERP, AND DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!
?
?

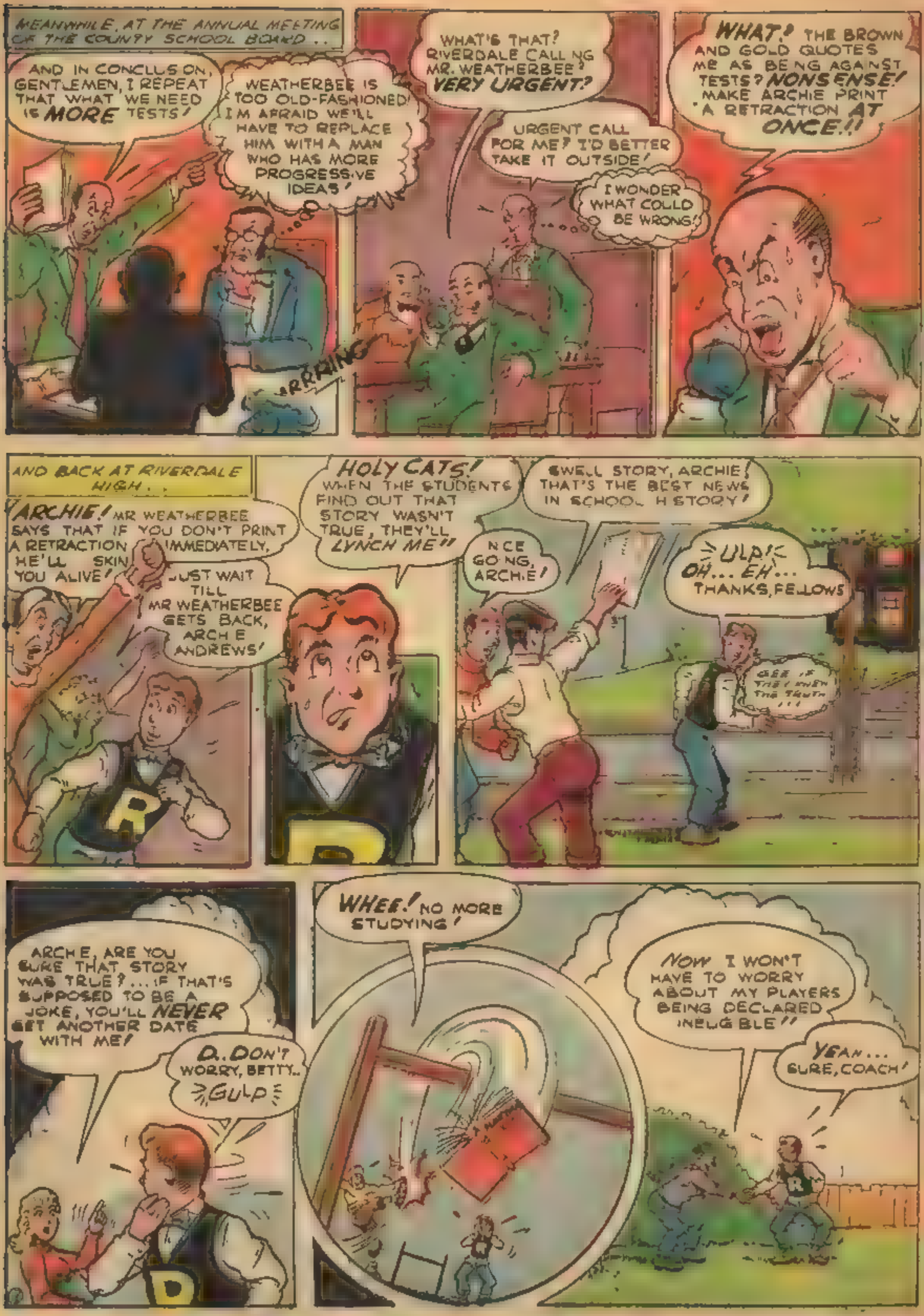
TWERP! TAKE IT EASY! THE IDEA IS TO WRECK THE OTHER TRUCKS FIRST! SAVE THIS ONE FOR LAST!
CRASH
BANG!
WE'RE AT THE LINE! TURN HER AROUND!
TURN AROUND? YOU MEAN WE GOTTA GO ALL THE WAY BACK?
HERE COME THE ONES WE MISSED! JUMP FOR IT, AN' LET 'ER GO!
HIMMEL! OUR TUNNEL! VE ARE CUT OFF!
LOOK! AMERICAN PLANES!
VHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
HIMMEL!
ACH DU LIEBER!
LATER AT HQ
CONGRATULATIONS GENTLEMEN! IT WAS A WONDERFUL PIECE OF WORK! IT WILL TAKE THE GERMANS MONTHS TO RE-ORGANIZE!
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, GENERAL! NOTHIN AT ALL!
WHATTA YA MEAN NOTHING AT ALL? LOOK AT THIS! HE'S A SPY!
?
WHY YOU BLANKETY BLANK BLANK BROKEN DOWN MAGICIAN! I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THE END


WELL, HERE WE ARE, ARCHIE, YOU TELL 'EM!
HIYA, GANG! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO MEET US IN THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST COMIC BOOK OF THE YEAR — ARCHIE COMICS! WE'LL ALL BE THERE — ME AND JUGHEAD AND BETTY COOPER AND VERONICA LODGE! AT YOUR NEWSSTAND ANY DAY NOW!
AND DON'T FORGET US ARCHIE! I'M JUDGE OWL!
AND I'M CUBBY THE BEAR!
HEY ARCHIE DON'T FORGET ME. SQUOIMY THE WORM!
AND I'M BUMBLE THE BEE-TECTIVE! I'M ALWAYS IN THERE BUZZIN'! WE'RE ALL IN THE NEW MAGAZINE! LOOK FOR US!
GET YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS!

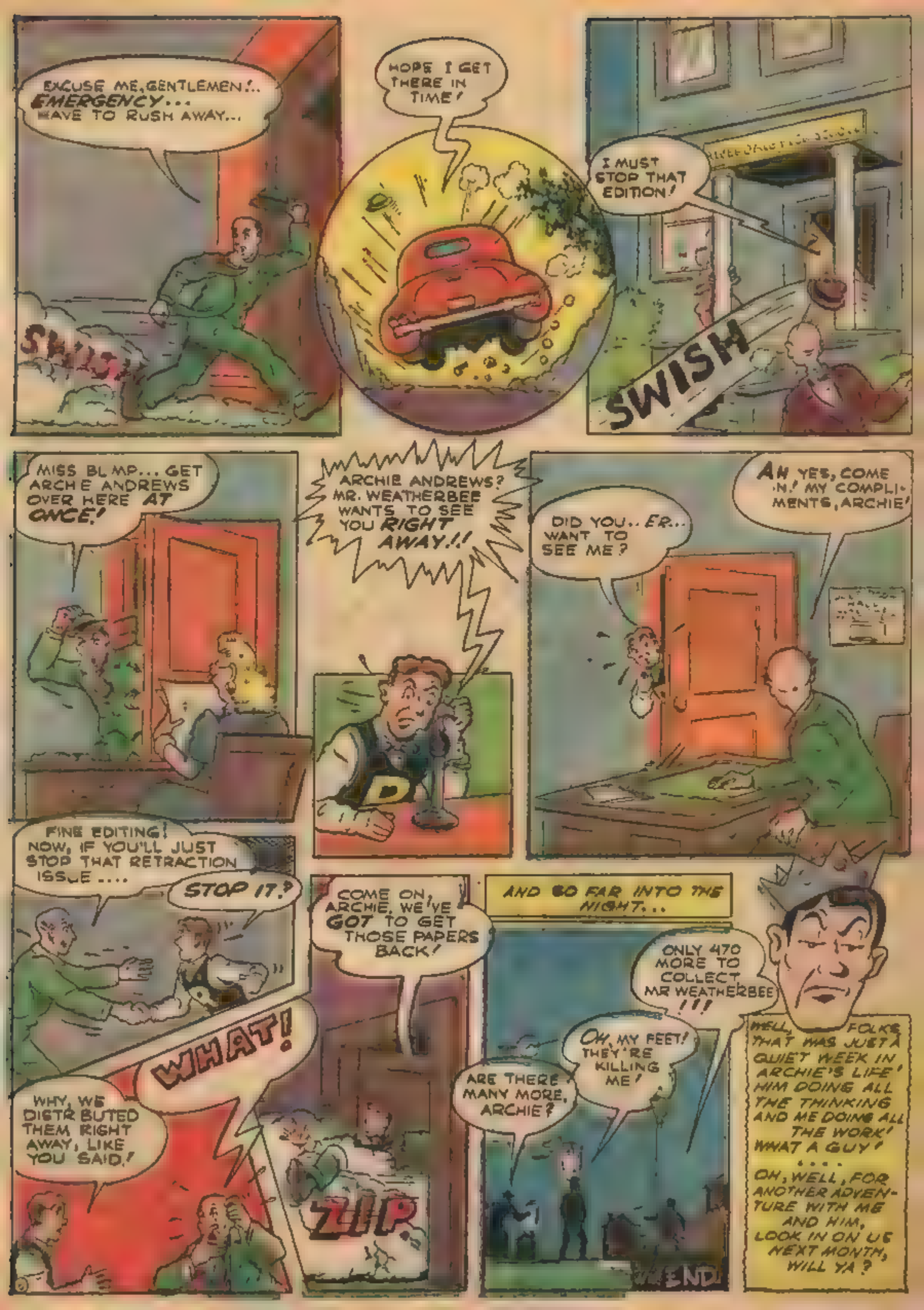

Archie
Montana
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK AHEAD OF US FOR THE NEXT ISSUE, JUGHEAD!
WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK, HUH?
YES, WE! I'M DOING MY SHARE NOW! I'M GONNA RUN OUT AND INTERVIEW MR. WEATHERBEE ON THE FINAL EXAMINATIONS!
EXAMINATIONS? OH, YES! AHEM... INDISPENSABLE PROGNOSTICATION...
LATER...
YOU PROMISED TO MAKE A STATEMENT ABOUT THE FINAL EXAMINATIONS, MR. WEATHERBEE!
SORRY, I'VE GOT TO GO.. IMPORTANT MEETING, COUNTY BOARD...
WHH...

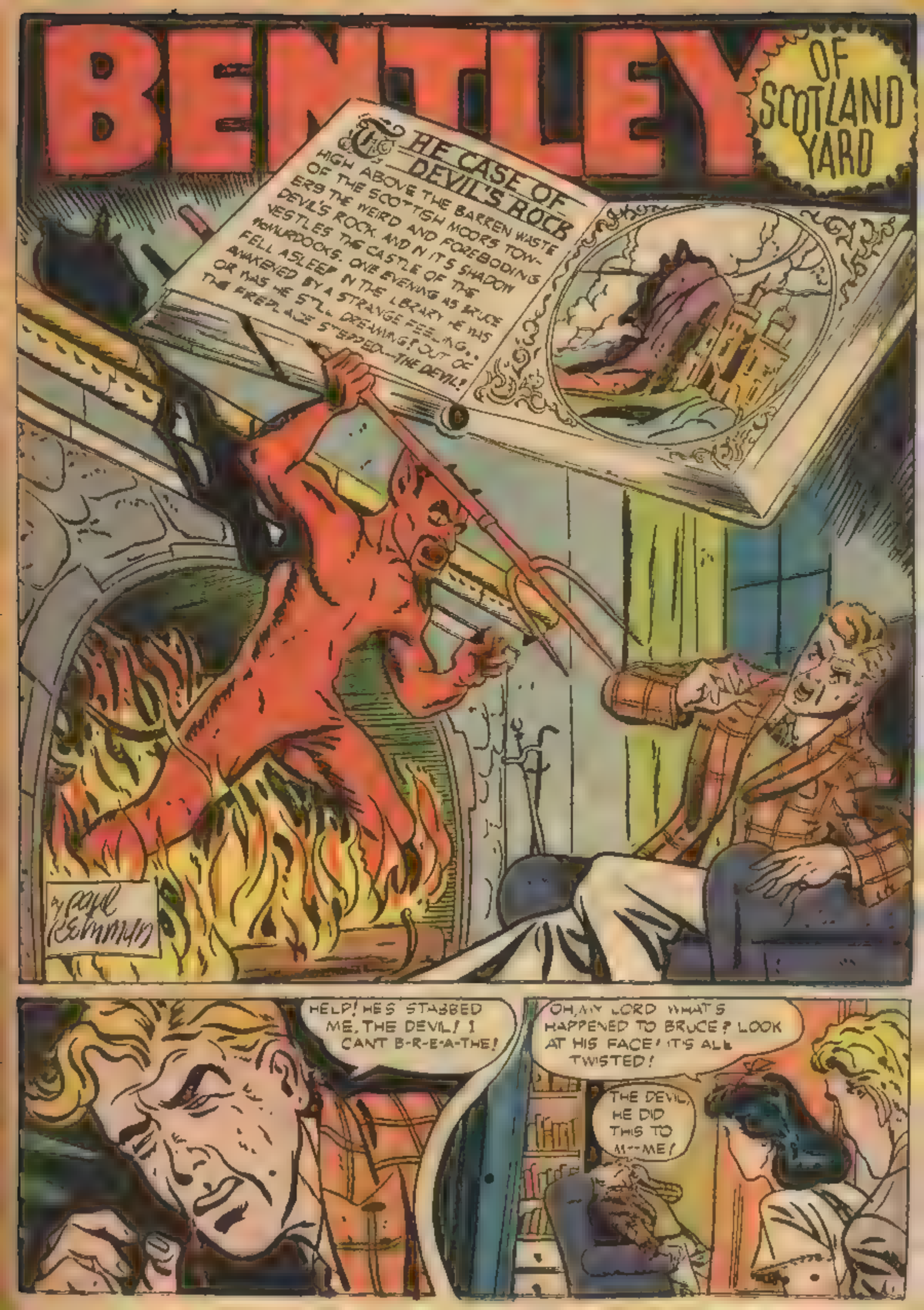
NOW, LET'S SEE.. WHAT WAS THAT HE SAID? .. OH YES!.. PROCRASTINATION! WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
HERE IT IS!? ULP!! WAIT TILL THE FELLOWS HEAR ABOUT THIS!
PROCRASTINATION .. WASTE OF TIME .. . DELAY..
YEOWY! WHAT A SCOOP! WE'VE GOTTA GET BUSY RIGHT AWAY!
WHAT'S WRONG NOW?
MURPH, JUGHEAD! GET THE INK.. OIL THE MIMEOGRAPH.. GET THE STENCILS READY.. BRING THE PAPER OVER HERE.. ETC.. ETC. THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO WASTE!
DON'T WORRY, SIMON LEGREE, WE'RE NOT WASTING ANY! PHEW!..
SOMM REPORTING, EH, JUGHEAD? BET THE 'COUNTY BUGLE' OFFERS ME A JOB WHEN THEY SEE THIS!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A JOB?
MAYBE THE EDITOR WILL WANT ME AS AN ASSISTANT!
HOW ABOUT SOME ASSISTANCE ON THIS CRANK?
THE NEXT MORNING..
GOODNESS GRACIOUS! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES?!
RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL'S GROWING GOLD
PREXY'S AGAINST EXAMS!!!
SAYS EXAMS CAUSE DELAY, WASTE OF TIME..

WE DEMAND TO SEE DEAN WEATHERBEE AT ONCE!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
HE CAN'T DO THAT TO US!
HURRAY FOR WEATHERBEE!
OH BOY! NO MORE EXAMS!
NICE WORK! EH, JUGHEAD?
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WORK!
WHEE
GOOD OLD TRIX!
AND ALL OVER RIVERDALE..
WILLIAM, TIME FOR YOUR HOMEWORK!
WHY DO HOMEWORK, MOM, IF WE AIN'T GONNA HAVE ANY MORE EXAMS?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, REGINALD?
BAW! WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING A QUIZ KID? NO MORE TESTS..IT'S HORRIBLE!
AND IN THE CLASSROOMS..
WHAT
THIS IS TERRIBLE!!


MEANWHILE, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD . .
AND IN CONCLUSION, GENTLEMEN, I REPEAT THAT WHAT WE NEED IS MORE TESTS!
WEATHERBEE IS TOO OLD-FASHIONED! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO REPLACE HIM WITH A MAN WHO HAS MORE PROGRESSIVE IDEAS!
WHAT'S THAT? RIVERDALE CALLING MR. WEATHERBEE? VERY URGENT?
URGENT CALL FOR ME? I'D BETTER TAKE IT OUTSIDE!
I WONDER WHAT COULD BE WRONG!
RRRING
WHAT! THE BROWN AND GOLD QUOTES ME AS BEING AGAINST TESTS? NONSENSE! MAKE ARCHIE PRINT A RETRACTION AT ONCE!!
AND BACK AT RIVERDALE HIGH . .
ARCHIE! MR WEATHERBEE SAYS THAT IF YOU DON'T PRINT A RETRACTION IMMEDIATELY, HE'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!
JUST WAIT TILL MR WEATHERBEE GETS BACK, ARCHIE ANDREWS!
HOLY CATS! WHEN THE STUDENTS FIND OUT THAT STORY WASN'T TRUE, THEY'LL LYNCH ME"
WELL STORY, ARCHIE! THAT'S THE BEST NEWS IN SCHOOL HISTORY!
NICE GOING, ARCHIE!
>ULP!< OH... EH... THANKS, FELLOWS
GEE IF THAT WHEN THE TRUTH . . .
ARCHIE, ARE YOU SURE THAT STORY WAS TRUE? . . . IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER DATE WITH ME!
D. DON'T WORRY, BETTY.. >GULP<
WHEE! NO MORE STUDYING!
NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY PLAYERS BEING DECLARED INELIGIBLE"
YEAH... SURE, COACH!

AND BACK AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICE...
JUGHEAD, WE MADE A BAD MISTAKE ON THAT EXAM STORY.. HAVE TO PRNT A SPECIAL EDITION AT ONCE!
WHAT D'YA MEAN, WE MADE A MISTAKE?
MEANWHILE THE SCHOOL BOARD IS DISCUSSING MR WEATHERBEE'S SPEECH...
AND SO, GENTLEMEN, I THINK WE SHOULD REPLACE MR WEATHERBEE!
.. HMmm. WHAT'S THIS IN THE AFTERNOON HEADLINES?
TOO OLD FASHIONED!
NOT PROGRESSIVE ENOUGH!
WHY! WEATHERBEE'S BEEN HOODWINKING US!
WEATHERBEE ABOLISHES EXAMS, TRIES NEW METHOD. UNUSUAL .... INTERESTING
GENTLEMEN, MR WEATHERBEE HAS BEEN CONDUCTING A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT!
VERY CLEVER INDEED!
AND AS MR WEATHERBEE RETURNS TO THE SCHOOL I SEE AHEAD...
WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT ARCHIE!
WONDERFUL IDEA, WEATHERBEE. IT'S TIME WE TRIED SOME NEW EDUCATIONAL METHODS!
WHAT?
THIS SHOULD BRING HIM AN ADVANCE IN SALARY!
GOOD LORD! I'LL BE RUINED IF THOSE RETRACTIONS GET OUT NOW!
I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO RIVERDALE IMMEDIATELY!


EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN!.. EMERGENCY... HAVE TO RUSH AWAY...
SWISH
HOPE I GET THERE IN TIME!
I MUST STOP THAT EDITION!
SWISH
MISS BLIMP... GET ARCHIE ANDREWS OVER HERE AT ONCE!
ARCHIE ANDREWS? MR. WEATHERBEE WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!!
DID YOU.. ER... WANT TO SEE ME?
AH YES, COME IN! MY COMPLIMENTS, ARCHIE!
FINE EDITING! NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST STOP THAT RETRACTION ISSUE....
STOP IT.?
WHAT!
WHY, WE DISTRIBUTED THEM RIGHT AWAY, LIKE YOU SAID!
COME ON, ARCHIE, WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE PAPERS BACK!
ZIP
AND SO FAR INTO THE NIGHT...
ONLY 470 MORE TO COLLECT MR WEATHERBEE!!!
OH, MY FEET! THEY'RE KILLING ME!
ARE THERE MANY MORE, ARCHIE?
THE END
WELL, FOLKS THAT WAS JUST A QUIET WEEK IN ARCHIE'S LIFE! HIM DOING ALL THE THINKING AND ME DOING ALL THE WORK! WHAT A GUY!
....
OH, WELL, FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH ME AND HIM, LOOK IN ON US NEXT MONTH, WILL YA?


BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD
THE CASE OF DEVIL'S ROCK
HIGH ABOVE THE BARREN WASTE OF THE SCOTTISH MOORS TOWERS THE WEIRD AND FOREBODING DEVIL'S ROCK, AND IN IT'S SHADOW VESTLES THE CASTLE OF THE McMURDOCKS. ONE EVENING AS BRUCE FELL ASLEEP IN THE LIBRARY HE WAS AWAKENED BY A STRANGE FEELING... OR WAS HE STILL DREAMING? OUT OF THE FIREPLACE STEPPED—THE DEVIL!
by Paul Rohmann
HELP! HE'S STABBED ME, THE DEVIL! I CAN'T B-R-E-A-THE!
OH, MY LORD WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BRUCE? LOOK AT HIS FACE! IT'S ALL TWISTED!
THE DEVIL HE DID THIS TO M--ME!

THE DEVIL I TELL YOU! HE STEPPED OUT OF THE FRE--AND
HE'S DELIRIOUS
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
C--CAN'T BREATHE--
PLEASE COME OVER HERE NEVILLE--- BRUCE IS DYING WHAT SHALL I DO?
HE MUST HAVE HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! POOR BRUCE! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! ---I CAN'T BE-LIEVE IT! MY DEAREST BRUCE IS DEAD! SOB SOB!
I DON'T BELIEVE HE HAD A HEART ATTACK! WHY DID HE SAY THE DEVIL KILLED HIM? I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!
YES THIS IS BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD--- YOU SAY YOUR HUSBAND DIED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AND YOU SUSPECT FOUL PLAY! WHY, OF COURSE I'LL COME! I'LL TAKE THE 9:15 TRAIN! GOOD DAY MA'M!
AS BENTLEY LEAVES FOR NORTHERN SCOTLAND---
GREAT BRI
IN LONDON BRUCE
A HEART ATTACK
WELL WELL! YOU WON'T FRIGHTEN ME!
DEVILS ROCK! HMM! IT DOES LOOK LIKE A DEVIL'S FACE AT THAT!
TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. BENTLEY
ESTH

HOW DO YOU DO MA'AM! I'M BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!
OH COME IN SIR! I'M RACHEL McMURDOCK, BRUCE WAS MY HUSBAND!
MAY I HAVE YOUR COAT AND BAG, SIR?
MR. BENTLEY, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY!
MR. BENTLEY, THIS IS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, NEVILLE! WE ALL CALL HIM UNCLE NEVILLE!
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR!
I'M EDMOND McMURDOCK! I'M THE YOUNGEST BROTHER SIR!
AND THIS IS MY WIFE EDNA!
CHARMED TO MEET YOU, MR. BENTLEY!
BRUCE ALWAYS QUARRELED WITH RACHEL BUT I TELL YOU, INSPECTOR SHE WOULDN'T DO A TERRIBLE THING LIKE THAT!
I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!
WHY HE ISN'T BAD LOOKING AT ALL! RATHER NICE CHAP, EH?
COME WITH ME, I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE LIBRARY AND THE FIREPLACE INSPECTOR!
WHY, YOU HUSSY! ALWAYS FLIRTING!
THE GIRLS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE EACH OTHER VERY MUCH! ARE THEY ALWAYS LIKE THAT?
WELL, YOU SEE, BRUCE DIDN'T GET ALONG TOO WELL WITH RACHEL, AND I, AS THE OLDEST BROTHER, WAS SOME SORT OF A DUTCH UNCLE--- I FIXED THINGS UP!
WHEN I CAME DOWN FROM MY ROOM I HEARD SOME NOISE AND WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM THERE WAS BRUCE WRITHING IN THE CHAIR AND STAMMERING--
THE DEVIL, THE DEVIL, HE STABBED ME!

SOUNDS IN-CREDIBLE--- WELL, ANYWAY I THINK I'LL SIT DOWN HERE FOR AWHILE!
BUT YOURSELF, INSPECTOR! I'M GOING TO BED NOW! GOOD NIGHT!
HMM, THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF McMURDOCK! OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING!
AND IN THE YEAR OF THE BLACK PLAGUE ALINE McMURDOCK WAS ACCUSED OF WITCH CRAFT! SHE WAS THE SISTER OF LORD LEIGHTON, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF
WHEN ALINE WAS FOUND GUILTY, SHE PROTESTED HER INNOCENCE UNTO THE LAST MOMENTS OF HER LIFE, BEFORE SHE WAS THROWN FROM THE CLIFFS SHE CURSED THE HOUSE OF HER ANCESTORS, MAY THE DEVIL DESTROY YOU!
AND SINCE THAT TIME THERE HAS BEEN A VIOLENT DEATH IN EACH GENERATION OF THE FAMILY!
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?
WITH A MIGHTY LUNGE, THE OMINOUS FIGURE OF THE DEVIL LASHES OUT AND MISSES BENTLEY BY AN INCH— BENTLEY GRABS THE POKER--
CLANG
HE GOT AWAY, BUT NOT WITHOUT A SCRATCH! I MUST HAVE HURT HIS WRIST! BUT HOW ON EARTH CAN HE JUMP THRU FIRE?

THE FOLLOWING EVENING--
THIS IS AMAZING MR. BENTLEY! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO IT! BUT WHO COULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?
WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR! TO FIND OUT!
THIS MUST BE THE WALL BEHIND THE FIREPLACE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT IT SOUNDS VERY HOLLOW! THERE MUST BE A DOOR SOMEWHERE!
SO THAT'S IT! THE PERFECT GET-AWAY FOR THE KILLER! THIS TUNNEL LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE FIREPLACE!
GOT TO MAKE SURE AND CLOSE THE DOOR TGHT AGAIN!
I HOPE SHE DIDN'T NOTICE THAT I FOUND THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY-- I THINK I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO GO THRU THEIR ROOMS!
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THE DOG IS BARKING VIOLENTLY!
ARF, ARF, ARF!
IF I CAN GET THRU THE BACK-DOOR FAST ENOUGH!
HE WON'T GET AWAY! NOW IS MY CHANCE!
INSIDE THIS DOOR IS THE MURDERER! WHO IS HE OR SHE? WHY DID HE USE SUCH A HORRIBLE WAY OF KILLING? I KEPT MY EYES AND EARS OPEN AND FOUND MANY CLUES! IF YOU, DEAR READER, DID THE SAME, YOU WILL SOLVE THIS CRIME JUST AS FAST AS I DD! SO BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE MARK YOUR SUSPECT— ① RACHEL McMURDOCK ② EDMOND McMURDOCK ③ EDNA McMURDOCK ④ NEVILLE McMURDOCK ⑤ ANNA-MAY

THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS---
PUT YOUR HANDS UP NEVILLE McMURDOCK! THE GAME IS OVER!
YOU TRIED TO KILL ME TOO! I WAS SURE THAT YOU WERE THE MURDERER WHEN I SAW THE BANDAGE ON YOUR WRIST! THAT'S WHERE I HIT YOU WITH THE POKER!
GOOD LORD! - IT'S UNCLE NEVILLE! WHY DID YOU DO SUCH A HORRIBLE THING?
YOU SEE HE WORE A DISGUISE MADE OF FIREPROOF ASBESTOS! THAT'S WHY HE WAS ABLE TO STEP THRU THE FLAMES AND HE MADE HIS GETAWAY THRU THIS SECRET PASSAGE! AFTER HE TRIED TO KILL ME AND HE MISSED ME ---
I EXAMINED THE MARK IT LEFT IN THE CHAIR AND FOUND A TRACE OF STRYCHNINE WHICH HE RELEASED INTO THE MOUTH OF BRUCE THRU THE OPENING IN THIS FORK --- AS HE GASPED IN TERROR! VERY CLEVER, ESPECIALLY SINCE STRYCHNINE IS A FAST WORKING POISON!
WHEN YOU REFUSED ME AND MARRIED BRUCE INSTEAD, I WANTED TO GET EVEN WITH YOU AND HIM!
AND YOU WON'T GET ME ALIVE!
WHY YOU FOOL!
COME DOWN OR I'LL SHOOT!
AND AGAIN THE CURSE OF DEVIL'S ROCK HAS COME TRUE!
The End
6

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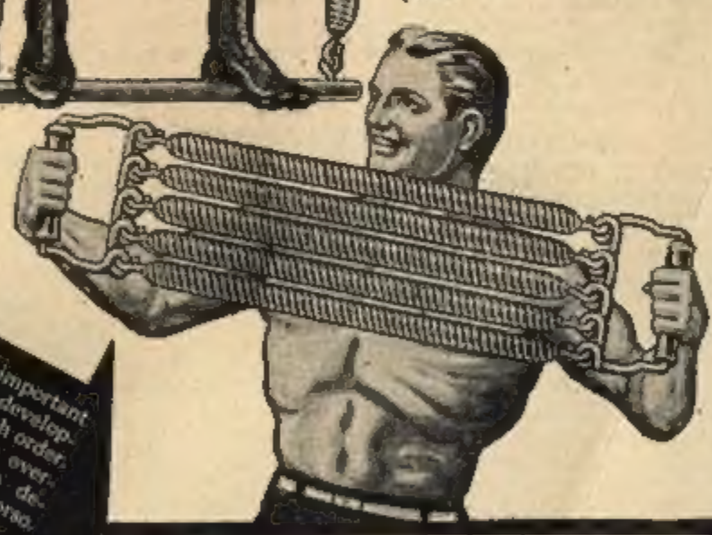

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